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Saturday January 6 1996

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# The Guardian International

Printed in London, Manchester, Frankfurt and Roubaix

46,442

Northern Ireland faces an uncertain year

Sport: the FA Cup takes off

Interview

## Is there a peace process?



## Giants and minnows

## Paul Verhoven defends his new movie Showgirls



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Outlook page 17

Leaked memo reveals conspiracy to silence Saudi dissident Mas'ari

# Arms bosses' secret plot

## UK firms involved in palace intrigue

Seumas Milne and Ian Black

**B**ITAIN'S biggest arms companies secretly collaborated with ministers, Whitehall officials and the CIA to find a way of "stifling" the Saudi arms deal, Mohammed al-Mas'ari, according to a confidential report by the chief executive of the defence firm Vickers, which has been leaked to the Guardian.

The internal Vickers memorandum, written by Sir Colin Chandler — formerly head of arms exports at the Ministry of Defence — provides an extraordinary insight into the relationship between government and the defence industry and their common determination to neutralise the threat to multi-billion pound contracts posed by the presence of Saudi dissidents in London.

The memo, dated last September 6, reveals that Britain passed to Saudi Arabia secret intelligence on Saddam Hussein to appease Saudi anger over Mr Mas'ari's activities in London. The document also refers to "direct Saudi intervention" against the prominent Saudi dissident, now threatened with deportation to Dominica, and attempts to "stifle him personally".

In a three-page note to David Hastie — Vickers's international relations director, and another former MOD official — Sir Colin describes a discussion with Dick Evans, chief executive of British Aerospace, who reported anxiety in the CIA "and their counterparts in this country" about the impact of Mr Mas'ari's campaign against the Saudi royal family and the presence of Western troops in the kingdom.

The CIA was becoming "much more interested" in the Mas'ari case, Mr Evans told his opposite number at Vickers, and was "in some dialogue" over the issue with British intelligence.

Yesterday Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, declared that the rights of political refugees had to be weighed against British national interests. Speaking in Delhi, he said not to have taken action against Mr Mas'ari would have been detrimental to Britain and would also have destroyed jobs.

As well as the exchanges with Mr Evans and Mike Rouse of British Aerospace, the Vickers memo refers to contacts with Sir David Lees, chairman of GKN, over the Mas'ari case. Based on the al-Yamahah deal signed by Margaret Thatcher in the mid-1980s, all three firms depend on huge Saudi deals or hope to secure them soon.

Vickers, British Aerospace, GKN and VSEL are negotiating aeronautical or defence sales worth £3 billion. Highlighting the symbiotic relationship between the arms firms and various branches of government, the Vickers memo records Sir Colin and BAE's chief executive jointly proposing that the Government try to "offset some of the Saudi criticism of us" by inviting President Saddam's son-in-law — who defected to Jordan last August — to Britain and then "feeding some of the intelligence back to the kingdom".

Sir Colin was later telephoned by Andrew Green — now appointed ambassador to Saudi Arabia — who told him that a British debriefing had already taken place in Amman and "material had been passed to both King Fahd and the Saudi foreign minister". This had "earned us many plaudits".

The Vickers memo shows the British arms manufacturers are closely involved in Saudi palace intrigue, backing Prince Sultan, who Sir Colin makes clear is regarded as crucial to their contracts.

Sir Colin expresses a "general feeling" in intelligence and business circles that "direct Saudi intervention" against Mr Mas'ari "could be difficult because he is, as you probably know, the son of a leading cleric" in the kingdom.

The Vickers memo also reveals that British Aerospace security staff "were constantly examining the problem to see if solutions could be found" to Mr Mas'ari's highly effective use of the internet to send his material to Saudi Arabia. But this was proving "virtually impossible".

Last night Vickers refused to comment on the contents of Sir Colin's memorandum. A Foreign Office spokesman said it could make no comment "on what appears to be leaked information".

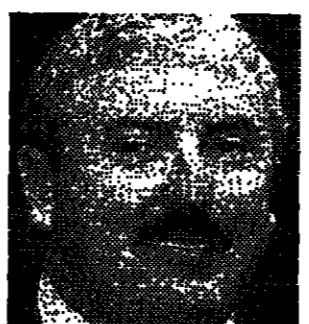
The Vickers memo, page 6; Deals that buy our alliance, page 12; Leader comment, page 14



Sir Colin Chandler, chief executive of Vickers, who wrote the memo about "this dissident", Mohammed al-Mas'ari



Sir David Lees, chairman of GKN, was "of the mind to write to Michael Heseltine", Deputy Prime Minister, about Mr Mas'ari



Dick Evans, chief executive of BAE, who is said to have told Sir Colin: "BAe security people were constantly examining the problem"



Andrew Green, the new ambassador to Saudi Arabia, rang to say British de-briefing material had been passed to King Fahd

**Vickers memorandum**

**CONFIDENTIAL**

6th September 1995

To: Mr. J.D. Hastie

From: Sir Colin Chandler

cc: Mr. J.A. Crowther  
Fleet

David,  
MOHAMMED AL-MISARI

Bearing in mind the importance of Saudi Arabia to British Aerospace, I had a word with Dick Evans on the telephone about this dissident, on 31st August. What Dick told me was rather interesting, and shed some new light on facets of this problem that perhaps we had not known before.

It appears that King Fahd had for a time not been altogether unhappy about the activities of Al-Misari. Most of the dissidents' attacks have been directed at Prince Sultan and, as you know, the relationship between the two brothers is not always a happy one. The King has therefore enjoyed a certain amount of schadenfreude at his brother's discomfort. But even the King recognises that this cannot go on much longer, particularly because the content of recent messages from Al-Misari have become much more serious.

Apparently, some of the recent messages directed at the religious community have attempted to incite the Mullahs to criticise the Royal Family, even to suggest that they should stir up the people of Saudi Arabia against the Family, ie. try to provoke them into a coup. That particular aspect has, of

The memo from Vickers chief executive Sir Colin Chandler to David Hastie, the firm's international relations director

## 'David, about this dissident...'

6th September 1995

To: Mr J.D. Hastie  
From: Sir Colin Chandler  
cc: Mr J.A. Crowther  
Fleet

David,  
MOHAMMED AL-MAS'ARI  
Bearing in mind the importance of Saudi Arabia to British Aerospace, I had a word with Dick Evans on the telephone about this dissident, on 31st August. What Dick told me was rather interesting, and shed some new light on facets of this problem that perhaps we had not known before.

It appears that King Fahd had for a time not been altogether unhappy about the activities of al-Mas'ari (spelt Al-Misari throughout the memorandum). Most of the dissidents' attacks have been directed at Prince Sultan and, as you know, the relationship between the two brothers is not always a happy one. The King has therefore enjoyed a certain amount of schadenfreude at his brother's discomfort. But even the King recognises that this cannot go on much longer, particularly because the content of recent messages from al-Mas'ari has become much more serious.

Apparently, some of the recent messages directed at the religious community have attempted to incite the mullahs to criticise the royal family, even to suggest that they should stir up the people of Saudi Arabia against the family, ie. try to provoke them into a coup. That particular aspect has, of course, got King Fahd worried. In addition, other members of the family have been annoyed that the king has taken no action to date and has appeared disinterested. In any event, and despite the king's apparent dis-

dain, we all recognise the importance of Prince Sultan in the defence deal and the actions that have been taken by British Aerospace have been mainly to try and calm the local situation by playing down the importance of our al-Mas'ari.

Another more disturbing turn recently has been that the dissidents' messages have also tried to stir the local populace and religious community against expatriates working in the kingdom. These have been mainly directed at the Americans but more recently have also been directed at the British. This starts to bring al-Mas'ari's activities into an area where some action might be taken. This is because these recent activities could be tantamount to inciting a form of terrorism and certainly the US authorities, and in particular the CIA, have become much more interested and, according to Dick, are in some dialogue with their counterparts in this country. As you can imagine Evans said that he was in close contact with his "friend" in the United States on this subject.

There was a general feeling that al-Mas'ari will win his appeal when it comes up in February or so next year and, in any event, direct Saudi intervention against him could be difficult because he is, as you probably know, the son of a leading cleric in the kingdom.

Turning to a point which I had never heard before, the talking of action against him actually sending messages is currently virtually impossible because he is accessing the internet, occasionally through the United States, but also through other countries. There is, as yet, no

Continued on page 6, column 3

## Jackpot tops £40m

**Lawrence Donegan**

**T**HE Government came under renewed pressure to impose a limit on National Lottery jackpots last night after it was announced that the prize for tonight's draw would be at least £40 million.

Camelot, the lottery operator, said the record jackpot would arise from ticket sales expected to reach 115 million — 70 per cent above an average week. Camelot's communications director, David Rigg, said: "Hourly sales will probably top 25 million during tomorrow afternoon. Sales yesterday and today have been tremendously high and we expect this to continue right through until close of terminals tomorrow at 7.30pm."

But in previous weeks with

a roll-over draw, both the final prize and total ticket sales have exceeded the operator's estimates.

Michael Taylor, director of the charity Christian Aid, led the calls for a jackpot limit to be imposed. "Even £10 million would be over the top. Forty million is beyond all reason. It is more than three-quarters of our annual income and I know how much good can be done with it."

"So far, the operator Camelot seems to be the biggest lottery winner, selling mostly empty dreams to ordinary people while lining the pockets of well-to-do shareholders with the profits," he said.

"The game is proving so successful, with ever-increasing top prizes, that Camelot is to open up to 14,000 more outlets this year on top of the existing 28,000."

Tonight's double roll-over

jackpot is almost twice the previous highest prize of £22.7 million. Under lottery rules, it can be rolled over for one more week if no one picks the correct six numbers.

A spokeswoman for Camelot said that, statistically, the top prize was likely to be shared by at least six people, given the number of players covering the possible combinations.

The total prize fund is expected to be £73 million, shared by 1½ million winners.

But Gail Howard, a US-based lottery analyst and author, predicted pandemonium in the event of a triple roll-over. "If experience in [the US] is repeated, people will just go crazy, spending money they don't have on a dream they can never attain."

Mr Jackpot, page 7; Notebook, page 22

## Thwarting the grim reaper

**Edward Pilkington**

**I**T WAS a classic death, played with admirable conviction by a farmer's wife called Daphne Banks, aged 81. At least, until the plot strayed drastically from the script.

Mrs Banks's death began smoothly when she collapsed on New Year's Day in Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire. John Major's parliamentary constituency. All the usual steps were pulled. The police were called and went through the motions of a routine operation. The local GP was summoned to pronounce Mrs Banks officially deceased.

Next, the undertakers arrived dressed, of course, in black. With due solemnity, they made the initial preparations of Mrs

Banks's body and zipped her up in a body bag. The hearse drove off in customary fashion — not so fast as to show disrespect, nor too slow as to cause a jam — taking Mrs Banks's body to the local Enochsgrove Hospital, where it was wheeled to the mortuary and left with attendants.

If the story had ended there, it could have been classified as a perfect death. But when they unzipped the body bag, the attendants were astonished to see movement.

To use more technical medical language, Mrs Banks was breathing.

A "crash team" of doctors and medics trained to prevent death were assigned the rather more onerous task of bringing her back from the dead. They succeeded.

"The body was brought to us by undertakers having been certified dead," the hospital's spokeswoman, Margaret Markey, said yesterday. "So as far as we're concerned, it wasn't our fault."

An inquiry has been launched by the Cambridge and Huntingdon Health Commission. But its chief executive, Stephen Thornton, said it could take no disciplinary action against the GP involved, whom he said was an experienced doctor practising in Great Staughton, a few miles from the women's farm.

After a spell in the emergency ward followed by intensive care, Mrs Banks is now recovering satisfactorily in a general ward.

She is as officially alive as she was dead five days ago.

**Outlook**

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# Electra glide in Red Square

David Hearst in Moscow

THE pointsman led the way, weaving in and out of the rush-hour traffic on his low-slung Soviet machine. Soon we were roaring through the woody undergrowth of Lenin Hills. Behind the Gorbachev estate at the back of Gorky Park, over a bridge and through a locked gate, lay the Secret Garden of Russian bikers — the Den of the Night Wolves.

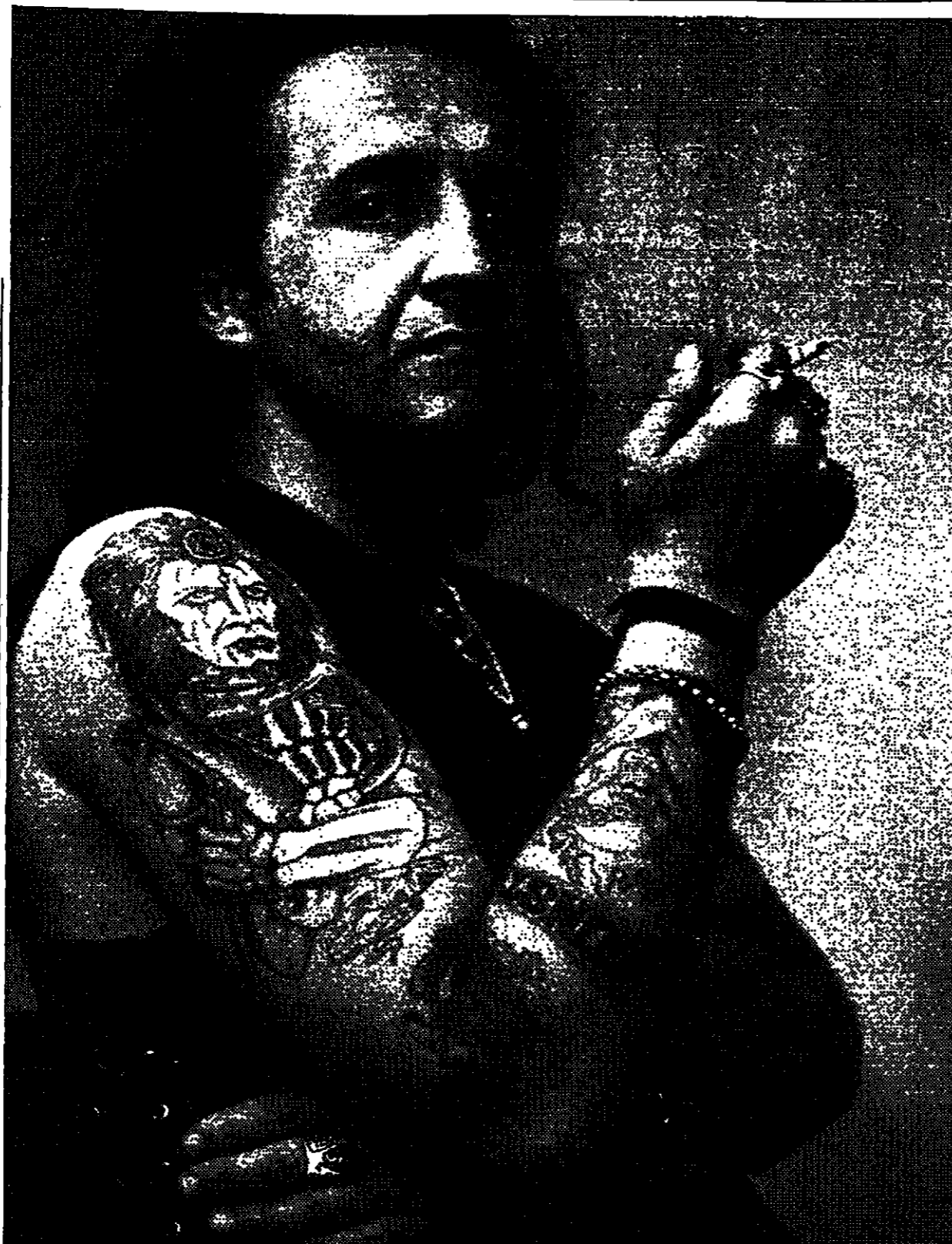
It was a huge open-air stadium, the Green Theatre, a grandiose Stalinist creation. In a cellar beneath the concrete auditorium lay the bikers' club. Before us were the Brotherhood and their gleaming machines, individual acts of mind over matter. The two-cylinder heavy Soviet motorbike cannot be driven away from the factory gate. It has to be carried away, taken apart and reassembled before an act as foolhardy as ignition can be attempted. Disassembly is not only an arduous, costly business.

"It's a mental process," Sergei explained from behind a cloud of cigarette smoke. "It's essential to have the right man, your man, in the right place."

The Ural, the Dniepr, even the Czech Yezva, are hardly names to inspire confidence. His mate Dennis caught a distant sound. The throbbing contrabass of exhaust pipes was the unmistakable signature of a Harley Davidson: "That'll be Sacha the Surgeon." The gleaming machine floated in. To our relief, Sacha actually was a surgeon.

In the Den, (bar to the left, violent United States cop film on the television to the right) Sacha tucked into a multi-layered sandwich. Between mouthfuls he said: "The biker always was in opposition — philosophically, I mean. Before, we had the communists. But we jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Now everything is about money. For us, the only thing that matters is the Brotherhood and the Bike."

Sacha comes from a family of bikers. His grandfather emerged from the second world war with a VLA-42, one of the Harley Davidsons the Americans gave the Red Army under



Illustrated man... Moscow biker Sergei displays an impressive armful of tattoo

PHOTOGRAPH BY GLEB KOSLOV

their Lend-Lease aid. "He drove his bike through the streets of liberated Berlin. He was the first rocker." Today's heavy men have other problems. The GAI, Russia's army of roadside cops who flag down their victims to exact a heavy toll of thinly disguised bribes, is the main one. Sergei said: "The GAI have a hammer and sickle branded on their foreheads. They're village lads who look at our long hair, our

bikes, and are sure that all this is from the bourgeois West. They hate us all the more, because we don't have any money to give them." And then there are the bikes themselves. "Let's be honest. You can't really go that far on an Ural or a Dniepr before it conks out on you," said Dennis. "Something is always going wrong. And then there's the weather, which allows you out for about four, five months of the year."

The truth is that Russia's bikers spend more time underneath their dream machines than on top of them. But there's the Brotherhood, with its rule book — translated word for word from the US Hell's Angels. Compared to their Western counterparts, they are almost gentle, polite souls. They have all the gear, the leathers, the silver skull-and-crossbones rings, but none of the aggression that

goes with it. The first International Bike Show which took place in Moscow last summer in Red Square had more of a New Age feel to it. The bikers little by little are forming their own counter-culture, in the teeth of the rich new Russians who hate them. "What we need is our own bike, based on the Dniepr Escort, but a roadster version of it," said Sacha. "Just so we have nothing to be ashamed about."

# Zhirinovskiy jockeys for foreign minister post Kozyrev resigns to take up MP's seat

David Hearst in Moscow

RUSSIA'S foreign minister, Andrei Kozyrev, who had clung to his post long after domestic support for him evaporated, resigned yesterday to take up his seat in parliament.

His resignation, which came as no surprise, was accepted last night by President Boris Yeltsin, who said he was "reluctant to move" about running for a second term.

In October Mr Yeltsin gave Mr Kozyrev, his longest serving minister, what amounted to a vote of no confidence by publicly criticising him and his department for the handling of the Bosnian war and Nato's expansion.

But Mr Kozyrev battled on, even suggesting after his last meeting with Mr Yeltsin that he could take on a ministerial job with that of a deputy, something prohibited under the constitution.

Last night, as the many candidates for the sensitive post jockeyed for position, Sergei Medvedev, the presidential spokesman, said the West should not see the resignation as a threat or change of course in foreign policy.

The decline of Russia's influence abroad has become a

political hot potato, and the former application for the post last night by the extreme nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovskiy reminded Mr Yeltsin that he cannot afford to ignore the growing nationalist mood.

During his five years in office Mr Kozyrev, aged 44, has rarely been out of trouble. Early on, he dismayed the foreign policy establishment by hitching policy closely to the star of his party, Russia's Choice. He renounced interest in Russia's backyard and declared that Russia's first duty was to rejoin the community of "civilised" Western countries.

Last year he jumped ship, leaving Russia's Choice over its opposition to the military operation in Chechnya, despite privately voicing doubts. His pro-Western stance aroused the suspicion of the military and foreign intelligence establishments, which accused him of selling Russian interests short.

The foreign minister came into open conflict with parliament over Russia's failure to make its influence felt with the US over the Nato bombing of the Bosnian Serbs.

Mr Kozyrev recently argued that Nato's failure to acknowledge Russia's interests in eastern Europe was "the mistake of a friend" rather

than the plotting of an enemy. This contrasts with the increasingly anti-Nato comments of the defence minister, General Pavel Grachev.

Pro-Western critics argue that Mr Kozyrev's twists and turns have left his successor with a gargantuan task in trying to establish a credible foreign policy.

There is a long list of favoured replacement candidates, mostly career diplomats. After Anatoli Adamashin, the Russian ambassador to Britain, was unexpectedly summoned to the president's holiday dacha last summer, speculation grew that he would be appointed.

More recently, Mr Yeltsin's former policy adviser, Dmitri Ryurikov, was said to have been groomed for the post. Igor Ivanov, the deputy foreign minister, Vitaliy Churkin, Russia's ambassador to Nato and Brussels, and the former spokesman of parliament, Ivan Rybkin, are all in the frame.

The new foreign minister will be on a much tighter leash, having to report to a new body to co-ordinate foreign policy, headed by Mr Yeltsin.

Russia's foreign initiatives this year will be aimed east rather than west. The highlight will be a delayed Yeltsin visit to China.

# Poll victor vows to make West respect Turkey

Jonathan Rugman in Ankara

NECMETTIN Erbakan, leader of Turkey's Islamic Welfare Party which won last month's general election, made it clear yesterday he would pursue a fiercely independent foreign policy if he forms a government.

This would include the renegotiation of a customs union agreement between Ankara and the European Union, and the expulsion from Turkey of allied planes protecting Kurds in neighbouring Iraq.

"Up to now, the West has treated Turkey as a minor country, serving Western interests," Mr Erbakan told foreign journalists in a meeting intended to stop what he called press misreporting of Welfare's anti-Western stance.

"We have no animosity towards anyone," he said. "We are a powerful Turkey, a rising world, not a servant."

Mr Erbakan repeated his election pledge that Welfare would work to establish a union of Islamic countries to equal the EU, but said he wanted Turkey to remain in Nato — so the alliance's only Muslim member could show the West the Islamic world was no threat.

He condemned the customs

# Convicts free hostage guards

LEFTWING prisoners yesterday released guards seized at an Ankara jail but other prisoners still held more than 20 wardens hostage in a nationwide protest. The inmates at the Closed Prison released six guards and an official seized earlier in the day.

Prisoners in Ankara, Istanbul, Izmir and Yozgat rioted after three inmates were killed in a clash with troops at a high-security jail in Istanbul on Thursday. Another 12 wardens were seized in Istanbul's Bayrampasa jail yesterday. — Reuters.

ferred the chance to form the next coalition government during a meeting with President Suleyman Demirel on Tuesday.

But for almost a fortnight, leaders of secular parties have been plotting new alliances to try to prevent the Islamists from finding a coalition partner. If Welfare's leader fails to form a government within 45 days, the task will probably fall to the pro-Western caretaker prime minister, Tansu Ciller, who is seeking a coalition between her centre-right True Path Party and its arch-rival Motherland Party, headed by Mesut Yilmaz, with a smaller leftwing party completing the alliance.

Mr Yilmaz has issued veiled threats that if Ms Ciller refuses to give up her post, he will go behind her back and form a coalition with Mr Erbakan.

The political uncertainty has scared off foreign investors, with the central bank and treasury setting high interest rates to maintain confidence in the lira, which fell against foreign currencies after the polls.

Mr Erbakan's solutions for unemployment, standing at 11 million, and cutting annual inflation of 93.6 per cent include renegotiating the terms of an International Monetary Fund (IMF) loan and boosting domestic production by taking idle youths out of coffee houses and putting them to work.

# 'Anarchist' squatters win the right to a mortgage

Hamburg has given up trying to evict a gang of residents who were seen as a potential threat to tourism, reports Stephen Kinzer

IT IS HARD to sell if the squatters illegally occupying a block of buildings on Hamburg's Hafensstrasse are middle-class families or hardcore radicals.

The front lawns are neatly trimmed, but the walls are painted with slogans like "Criminals of All Countries, Unite!" The two main objects visible from outside are a satellite dish and a pile of iron and wood that some describe as a work of abstract art.

For more than 14 years this block has been at the centre of a dispute featuring police assaults, firebombings, flaming barricades and street battles. Finally, it appears to be over.

"We won," one of the 120 squatters, Rainer, said. "We struggled for years, and now we've reached our goal."

The drama began in October 1981, when a group of about 100 punks and social revolutionaries occupied a block of empty houses overlooking the harbour and owned by the city. Because the site is near some of Germany's most exclusive hotels and brothels, and across the street from where a famous market is held on Sundays, city officials feared the squatters would harm tourism.

Early attempts to remove them failed in the face of fierce resistance and, rather

than provoke an all-out battle, the city agreed to a temporary rental contract.

But Hafensstrasse became the focus of bitter nationwide debate. Prosecutors claimed the squatters were responsible for crimes ranging from vandalising cars to sheltering Red Army Faction terrorists.

When the rental agreement expired in 1988, more than 10,000 supporters of the squatters marched through central Hamburg demanding that it be extended.

But after the city announced a plan to clear out the Hafensstrasse block, several department stores were firebombed, causing millions of pounds in damage. The attacks were clearly linked to the Hafensstrasse dispute, but no one connected to the squatters was ever convicted.

In 1987, several thousand policemen were sent to clear the buildings. They were met

by hundreds of defenders behind a line of burning tyres and overturned cars. Others threw bricks and boulders from the rooftops. The ensuing riots forced the mayor to resign.

The level of public support for the squatters eventually forced his successor, Henning Voscherau, to accept their presence. Last year he began negotiating with them. In mid-December one of his aides, Thomas Mirow, made an announcement some believed might never come.

"We have taken the decisive step toward permanently ending this difficult conflict," he said. It is time to close this most unfortunate chapter in our city's history.

Under the agreement, the squatters will buy the block for \$970,000, less than a third of its market value. They and their supporters will put up about 10 per cent of the price in cash, with the Eco-Bank, which finances environmental projects, lending the rest.

The squatters will assume the cost of renovating the buildings and they must pay half of the £170,000 in overdue rent and utility bills, with the city paying the rest.

A group of city council members condemned it as an "irresponsible gift of millions to the Hafensstrasse squatters, for which taxpayers will have to pay".

"It's a victory of reason," said Achim Katz, a Hamburg judge who helped to guide the negotiations. — New York Times.

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## News in brief

### Police clear strike depot

French police cleared the last bus depot occupied by striking public transport workers in Marseille yesterday, angering hardliners who pledged to keep up a month-long strike. Earlier, 500 strikers marched to the city hall after the mayor, Jean-Claude Gaudin, also minister for urban affairs, let police enforce a court order authorising the forcible clearance of the remaining depots. — Reuters.

### Hospital burnt out

Kuwaiti inmates burnt down a prison hospital in a pre-dawn riot yesterday before security forces quelled the disturbances, the interior ministry said. — Reuters.

### Meaty judgment

A wild boar named Spam will remain in the new Muppet movie, because the second US Circuit Court of Appeals in New York rejected Hormel Foods Corporation's argument that a "grotesque, untidy" character in Muppet Treasure Island would "inspire negative and unsavoury associations" with the luncheon meat. — AP.

### Upright male

Ramon Casadiego Fajardo, aged 22, of Barranquilla, Colombia, underwent an operation this week to rid himself of an erection that lasted three days — a condition known as priapism — Bogota's El Tiempo newspaper said. — Reuters.

### Worshippers held

A Bahraini opposition group said police fired tear gas and rubber bullets and arrested dozens of worshippers who gathered in a mosque in Bani Jamra to hear a sermon by a Shi'ite cleric. — Reuters.

### Vegetarian trout

Finnish researchers are working to create vegetarian trout, which would be cheaper to feed on farms and release fewer harmful chemicals into the water. — Reuters.

### Low-IQ death

Walter Correll, aged 34, who had an IQ of 68, was put to death in Jarratt, Virginia, for the fatal stabbing of a man during an abduction and robbery in 1985. Governor George Allen refused Correll's appeal for clemency about an hour before the execution. — AP.





Hair exclusion zone... A United States soldier shaves his sergeant's head near Tuzla airport PHOTOGRAPH: KARSTEN THIELKER

# Islamic warriors shun the peace to fight their holy war

Home-grown Bosnian mujahedin armed with the Koran train to 'purify' the country, writes Dan Fesperman in Lukavac

IN THE mornings they run nine miles in formation, sounding off like United States marines. "Allah Akbar!" they cry. "Glory to God". In cadence, they shout short, inspirational verses from the Koran. Some days, a Muslim religious leader, the imam, visits, talking of martyrdom for the jihad — holy war.

Such is a soldier's life in the Bosnian army's 9th Muslim Liberation Brigade, a strict, secretive unit of home-grown mujahedin, encamped about 10 miles from US army headquarters at Tuzla air base.

When the Balkan peace treaty was negotiated in November, US representatives insisted on requiring all foreign troops to leave Bosnia within 30 days of its signing. This was aimed mostly at a few thousand mujahedin volunteers imported from Iran, Afghanistan and other Islamic countries. Devoted and combat-tough, their fundamentalist zeal has sometimes intimidated the very people they have been fighting for. US officials considered them a serious threat to US peacekeepers.

Their departure is apparently on schedule. But the few hundred soldiers of the Muslim Brigade, based near Lukavac, will not have to go anywhere. They are all Bosnians, many angry, vengeful refugees from towns such as Srebrenica.

In the brigade, "they teach that religion is the most important thing in the war, and in everything else," said Elvir Ahmetovic, aged 21, who has been training for two months with a group of 40 recruits.

A soldier named Namir put it more succinctly while standing at the unit's front gate: "The jihad has precedence over everything else,"

he says. "And after the war we will purify the whole country."

He would not give his last name, nor would he and a sentry allow reporters inside the base. Visitors could enter only if they held deep religious convictions — and an appointment.

Mr Ahmetovic describes a daily routine that seems designed to cultivate the sort of zeal and discipline of the foreign mujahedin.

A typical day, he said, went like this:

5am: Up for prayer to the call of the mazzin, followed by a snack, a nine-mile run, exercises, breakfast and an hour's break.

10am: Religious instruction and lessons in writing Arabic, followed by training in weapons and tactics.

12.30pm: Midday prayers, lunch and a break.

2pm: More prayers, more training, sometimes with live firing, followed by more religious instruction. The last prayer of the day comes in the late afternoon, then dinner and free time, though not always.

The imam arrives once a week with words of encouragement. "One time he said to us: 'You should be proud because you are a soldier, and you should be happy to give your life for your country.'"

But Mr Ahmetovic admits he is unsettled by such talk. Until they began being persecuted because of their religion, most Muslims in the former Yugoslavia were not rigorous in their religious training. Zeal increased as people died simply for being Muslim.

Days off come once a week, but even then strict rules apply, he said. "The first one is that if they ever decide to send you to Saudi Arabia, then you have to fight for the jihad." But he is not sure what that might entail.

The others are standard rules for a strict Muslim lifestyle: No alcohol and no going into cafes.

But there is one concession to local custom in this country of chain-smokers, where Marlboros are sometimes used as currency: it is okay to smoke. — Baltimore Sun.

## Shooting raises Mostar tension

Nicholas Doughty in Mostar

THE shooting of two Muslim policemen raised ethnic tension in the divided Bosnian city of Mostar yesterday. A European Union administrator appealed for calm, saying dialogue — not Nato intervention — was vital.

"It would be a lie if I said I had everything under control but I hope that serious people will understand how dangerous the situation is," Hans Koschnick, the EU administrator, said. "Do not throw oil on the fire. We are trying to calm things down but we are not in a good situation," he said.

He was speaking after a hail of bullets from the Croat sector hit a Muslim police car, seriously wounding two officers inside. One was hit in the stomach, the other in the leg.

Mr Koschnick said the solution to Mostar's problems had to be civilian, not imposed by the Nato-led Bosnian peace Implementation Force (IFOR). "There is no need to involve IFOR in the situation in Mostar. People must get together in a democratic way and by talking build understanding for the future," he said.

The EU has been trying to form a joint administration uniting the Muslim and Croat communities, which face each other over a "confrontation line". It also wants to start reconstruction of Mostar, once one of former Yugoslavia's tourist attractions.

But tensions have risen since Bosnian Croat police shot dead a Muslim youth on New Year's Day, an incident which Mr Koschnick described as murder or manslaughter.

"I do not consider it to have been an accident," he said.

A series of less serious incidents culminated in the shooting of police on the Bulevar. Police run by the Western European Union (WEU) were investigating the case of the policemen. "Thank God one of them, at least, is no longer in danger of losing his life," Mr Koschnick said. "The shots clearly came from the west [Croat] side. Now it must be established who fired them," he said, adding that 10 to 12 rounds had peppered their car.

The shooting occurred hours after President Franjo Tudjman of Croatia met President Alija Izetbegovic of Bosnia in Sarajevo for talks on a Croat-Muslim federation created in 1994. The US-brokered federation, to share rule in Bosnia with a Serb republic, has been riven with divisions, most of all in Mostar.

The EU chief of staff, Sir Martin Garrod, also expressed his concern over a hydroelectric dam above the town which almost burst before the new year, sending floods sweeping downstream. Richard Edgington, of the WEU police, said his force was monitoring repairs on the dam that Bosnian Croats were carrying out without Muslim approval.

The Bosnian government said yesterday that separatist Serbs still held four of its citizens, a day after they freed 16 abducted civilians, apparently ending a crisis for Nato peace forces.

The government said the four were all captured, like the other 16, while travelling through the Serb-held suburb of Ilidza on a road that Nato said was safe for all civilians to use. — Reuter.

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## Three arrested for EU tourism fraud

Stephen Bates in Brussels

TWO former officials of the European Commission in Brussels were arrested last night by Belgian police investigating allegations of bribes and fraud totalling millions of pounds from the EU's tourism budget.

Exact figures for the missing total are unclear, but it could amount to the biggest scam by Commission officials in its 40-year history, and the first in which civil police have been called in to handle a large investigation.

Although Commission staff have appeared before the Belgian courts on two previous occasions, officials have usually claimed diplomatic immunity in the past.

The arrests of George Tzoanos, the Greek former head of the Commission's tourism unit, his wife and a Frenchman named Pascal Chatillon, who worked on a temporary contract for the unit, follow a nine-month investigation by the Belgian fraud squad, involving checks on travel companies and tourist organisations across Europe.

Police raids at their homes were carried out on the orders of a magistrate.

Both men are alleged to have received kickbacks from companies in return for channeling subsidies to promote tourism to them. In some cases the projects never existed.

The tourism unit has an

annual budget of about \$5 million. It is thought that the two men received payments equal to between 10 and 50 per cent of the money they handed out.

Complaints first arose about the management of the European Year of Tourism in 1990. The allegations concern irregularities between 1988 and 1994. The two men were suspended from duty nearly two years ago.

Although the two officials were later sacked after an investigation by the Commission last autumn, the case is likely to raise new questions about European bureaucracy's accountability.

Police became involved only after they were invited to investigate by the British Tory MEP Edward McMillan-Scott. He issued a formal complaint after the Commission failed to do so.

Mr McMillan-Scott, MEP for North Yorkshire, said: "This scandal has been covered up from the beginning. Various EU bodies have been party to a whitewash and it shows that fraud control in Brussels is completely inadequate."

There were reports that two company directors had been arrested in Paris in connection with the fraud.

The British secretary-general of the Commission, David Williamson, is believed to have written to the French and Belgian EU ambassadors in December 1994 to ask them to arrange for the repayment of contract fees from tourism organisations.

سكنا من الامم



# Arafat's murky path to poll victory

## Derek Brown in Jerusalem reports on a contest in which the rules keep changing and, below, looks at a female contender

**T**HE Palestinian elections on January 30 will be won by Yasser Arafat and his Fatah movement. That much is clear. The rest is murky.

The election is unprecedented. Never before have Palestinians been asked to vote for a government. It is not a national election, in the sense that more than half the Palestinians in the world — those living in Israel and those scattered round the Middle East — will not be taking part.

But for the 2 million or so in the West Bank, East Jerusalem and the Gaza Strip, democracy is coming. But it is a weird kind of democracy. With just two weeks to polling day, confusion abounds. Electoral district boundaries are fluid, the number of registered voters is disputed, even the size of the new legislative council keeps changing.

In the beginning, there were to be two elections: one for an 82-member council, and one for a *Ra'ees*, an Arabic word which conveniently means chairman or president. Mr Arafat, who likes to be called president, and the Israeli government, which prefers the word chairman, have since agreed to add a seat for the West Bank's 300-strong Samaritan community, and five more to redress demographic imbalances. Mr Arafat, who will certainly have a seat in the *Ra'ees*, will have a seat in the council, bringing it up to 89.

This is one example of how the election process, explicitly laid down in the Israel-Palestine Liberation Organisation agreement of September 23 has been tinkered with since. In fact, preparations for the historic poll have been under way for more than two years, subsidised by the European Union to the tune of several million pounds.

An election commission, based in the self-rule enclave of Jericho and chaired by Fatah loyalist Saeb Erakat, painstakingly drew up procedures and training schedules and a choice of voting systems. When the green light was finally given for registration of voters, the system seemed to work beautifully. Thousands of school-teachers, canvassing door to door, collected nearly a million names: an estimated 90 per cent of eligible adult Palestinians.

### The administrative machine was overtaken by the peculiarly Palestinian political process

But even as the administrative machine rolled, it was overtaken by the peculiarly Palestinian political process. A draft election law was published, causing instant and widespread dismay. Instead of a single-constituency list system, which many argued would produce proportional representation and encourage the electorate to think in national terms, the leadership opted for 16 multi-member constituencies, the representatives to be elected on a first-past-the-post basis.

Opponents of the choice pleaded in vain that it would encourage clan-based voting in a society in which family considerations have always outweighed ideological ones. After nearly six weeks of delay, Mr Arafat signed the election law as it stood. His next piece of masterly procrastination was in ap-



Leader of the pack... An enthusiastic Yasser Arafat rallies his followers at an election rally in the Gaza Strip this week. PHOTOGRAPH: AHMED JADALLAH

pointing a new election commission, to replace the preparatory body headed by Mr Erakat, a Fatah candidate for the council. According to the rules, the new commission was to be neutral and would have complete charge of voter registration, nomination of candidates, appeals procedures, the campaign and polling. Mr Arafat, who had already telescoped the entire process by decreeing elections on January 20, before the Muslim fasting month of Ramadan, chose Mahmoud Abbas, in the

inner circle of PLO chiefs, as the new commission head. Mr Abbas rose to the challenge without trace. Nearly two weeks after his appointment, on December 21, he had still not found time to meet Carl Lidbom, the increasingly exasperated head of the formidable EU observer team. In the interval, decrees and orders were whizzing out of Mr Arafat's Gaza headquarters, increasing the size of the council, extending the registration period, altering the nomination procedures. The date for campaigning to

begin, originally set for December 30, was abruptly put back to January 5, then January 7. Finally, the election commission announced to the media on January 2 that the campaign could start right away. The candidates heard about it from the press. In a land where elections have never happened, effectively ruled by a man long notorious for his inability to delegate, it was always reasonable to expect a degree of muddle. But with the campaign under way, there is

something more unpleasant in the electoral air. The poll for *Ra'ees* is a foregone conclusion. Mr Arafat is being opposed by Samiha Khalil, aged 72. She is a well enough respected campaigner for women and a forthright critic of the peace accords with Israel, as are most Palestinians. Nevertheless, her chances of success are negligible. The race for the council is also tilted irrevocably in favour of Fatah and the other PLO loyalist factions. The main opposition movements,

Islamist and secular, are boycotting the poll. The smaller parties are barely organised. There is a drive of independent candidates, including scores of disgruntled Fatah members who failed to get on the party ticket, or were removed from it by Mr Arafat. Peace Watch, the Israeli monitoring group, said this week it had been told by some independent candidates that they had come under "heavy pressure" to withdraw, and some had done so. Peace Watch also reported that it had been unable to get

population figures for the 16 constituencies. (The number of members per constituency was originally to be linked to the number of registered voters. That has been changed to the size of population.) The group was told that the figures were unavailable, because electoral district boundaries had been changed.

"In addition to being un-sound practice to change electoral district boundaries less than three weeks before election day, the danger exists that district boundaries could be manipulated in ways that could affect some of the races," Peace Watch said.

Some of the better known independents, such as Hanan Ashrawi, the former Palestinian spokeswoman, stand an excellent chance of election, as do a handful of candidates associated with the main Islamist movement, Hamas. But it is a list of trampled in the rush of the big battalions.

In all, more than 700 candidates are standing, a healthy indicator of democratic enthusiasm, and also a nice lit-

### Most of the candidates are likely to be trampled in the rush of the big battalions

tle earner for the Palestinian Authority. Each has had to pay a deposit of \$1,000 (\$666) refundable only to victors.

Palestinian television, which has piously promised to give every candidate two minutes, has yet to offer more than a daily court circular of what Mr Arafat says and does. The media monitoring group, Reporters Sans Frontiers, found that in the 10 days to December 25, Fatah was given more than 71 minutes of television coverage. Only one other small party was given speaking time: 17 seconds.

In the coming days, the Palestinian territories will be swash with foreign observers — an estimated 1,500 from at least 14 countries, in addition to the 200 or so EU monitors already there. Every detail will be scrutinised. Only the result is likely to be free of any doubt.

## Damascus to Palmyra

Syria has never been an easy place to visit, and often in the past involving a triple border crossings from neighbouring countries causing delay and a reduction in the amount of actual exploration time. Since the ideal time to visit is between September and November, the best starting point is Damascus, we shall be operating a short flight service from London Gatwick direct to Damascus during this period. Needless to say, this also considerably reduces the cost.

This is a wonderful opportunity to visit Syria, one of the world's most fascinating countries. We reach Damascus in the evening and spend the first night in the oldest living city in the world and the Islamic capital under the Omayyads. Exploration of the city has to be on foot, navigating the maze of streets of the old city is wonderful. For many the highlight will be the Church of Ananias at the end of a Street Called Straight. Here, the stories of the Bible come magically to life, irrespective of your religious beliefs. We will see the chapel commemorating the lowering down of St. Paul from a window.

Palmyra is a very special place — the city has colonnaded streets and monumental arches but is perhaps most well known for the Temple of Baal. Aleppo has the largest medical clinic in the world and finest remaining example of Arab military architecture. There are some four miles of covered souks to explore, each lively street specialising in its own trade. Another fascination of this city is the beautifully preserved inhabited historical homes many with attractive courtyards that can take one back in time with their gracious style and untouched quality. From Aleppo we will be visiting the 5th-century Church of St. Simon the Stylite who positioned himself atop a 16-metre pillar for 40 years.

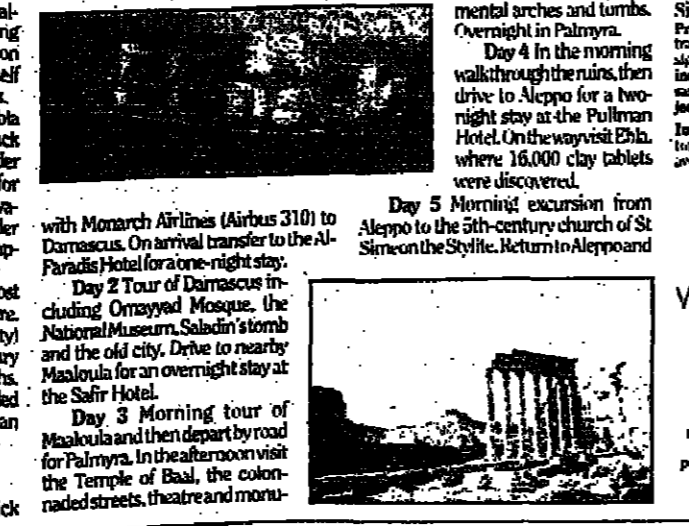
A visit will also be made to Ebla where 16,000 clay tablets dating back to 2500 BC were discovered. Crusader history holds a special fascination for many and the visit to Crac des Chevaliers, the residence of the Crusader Knights Hospitallers, will not disappoint.

Finally, Bezaa contains the most unique Roman Theatre anywhere. The *Ayubid* (Saladin's Dynasty) incorporated it into a 12th-century castle. The city also has Roman baths, 5th-century churches and colonnaded streets and 2nd-century Nabataean and Roman gates.

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visit the Citadel, the National Museum, the Souk and explore the covered bazaars, the largest in the Middle East.

Day 6 Drive towards the Mediterranean via the Coast of Sidon and briefly visit the Phoenician city of Tyre which gave the world the first alphabet. Continue south along the coast to visit the Crusader cathedral of Tartous and on to Hama for one-night stay at the Saif Hotel.

Day 7 Today visit Crac des Chevaliers, the residence of the Crusader Knights Hospitallers. Then to Bosra to see the finely preserved Roman Theatre and Citadel, return to Damascus for a one-night stay.

Day 8 In the morning make a visit to the Church of Ananias at the end of a Street Called Straight. Spend the rest of the day in Damascus with the opportunity to shop in the local markets or explore the city in-depth. Board the evening flight and return directly to London Gatwick.

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## Border police cast a shadow on Ashrawi's anarchic walkabout

### Campaigning in East Jerusalem highlights the blacker side of public opinion

**S**ULEIMAN Street is a raucous place at lunchtime. The traffic blares, crowds surge around women hawking vegetables on the pavement, boys push unwieldy barrows into narrow spaces. It's difficult to be heard over the hubbub, but the man in the minute money-changer's shop gave it his best shot. "We don't want this! It's wrong!" he shrieked. "We want our rights as Palestinians! We want our land, all of it! We want Tel Aviv!"

What had prompted the harangue — delivered in English — was the passage before him of Hanan Ashrawi, launching her election campaign surrounded by television crews and excited children. The walkabout was surreal, in keeping with an election which has her precedent nor parallel and which, in Jerusalem at least, may never be repeated.

The eastern Arab part of the city is one of the most bitterly disputed tracts of land on earth. Israel conquered and annexed it in 1967, and has said ever since that it will remain eternally Israeli. The Palestinians are equally adamant that soon it will be their capital.



Ashrawi: 'She could stay at home all day and still get in'

That an election is taking place here at all is a tribute not so much to the peace negotiators' willingness to compromise, as to their erring instinct for fiendish obfuscation.

Candidates in East Jerusalem must have valid addresses outside the city, to preserve the Israeli fantasy that this is not part of Palestine. Voting will take place in post offices, not polling stations. The ballot boxes will then be taken into the West Bank for the votes to be counted. At the end of the day, the Palestinians of Jerusalem will have seven Palestinian representatives in the Palestinian legislative council, and control of the city will remain firmly with Israel.

Thus it was that Dr Ashrawi strode from her campaign headquarters in the Az-Zahra hotel into a constituency without a name, and within minutes was confronted by an over-sized officer from the border police, the Israeli paramilitary force which maintains the occupation of East Jerusalem.

"You're not allowed to hold a demonstration without permission," he said firmly. "I'm not demonstrating. I'm campaigning," she said firmly.

The television cameras clustered and shutters clicked. Eventually the officer backed down, and the border police, with their flak jackets and assault rifles, shadowed her cha-

otic but determined progress.

She marched down Salah Din Street, her retinue scattering in her wake, and on into Suleiman Street, overlooked by the walls of the Old City. Over all, Dr Ashrawi received almost as many beams and waves as she gave.

"She will get a seat, sure. She's a good person, people respect her. She could stay at home all day, and still she'd get in," said Ibrahim, a driver.

It was a boisterous affair and on the whole a good-humoured one. Yet there were other, more disturbing pointers to the public mood: the leaflets which were slung to the ground when the candidate had passed, the muttered imprecations of men and women anxious only to get on their way along the congested pavement, and posters scrawled with graffiti.

It is astonishing how quickly they have been defaced. The tattered exhortations for support are sad testimony to the disillusionment that underlies the ebullient surface of the campaign.

At best, the mish-mash autonomy agreement is seen as a small step forward. Many, like the apologetic money-changer in Suleiman Street, think it is a full-scale retreat from self-determination and the sovereignty that Palestinians crave.

"We want Tel Aviv!" His parting yell was drowned in the tumult of traffic, weaving its anarchic way past the watchful border police.

**Children leaving school turn the Tube into a rolling, subterranean adventure playground. They jump between carriages, swing from the handrails and scream profanities at each other. A group of girls offer a chilling insight into the nature of adolescent cruelty when they verbally assault a young man. One of them started: "My friend fancies you."**  
**24 hours on the Tube, Outlook page 15**



# 6 BRITAIN

## Stalker sent love letters to princess

Sally Weale

**A** MAN who has been stalking the Princess Royal has sent her love letters and made repeated attempts to meet her in what police fear may become a dangerous obsession. It was reported last night. Described as a well-spoken Southerner in his 30s, the man is said to have written several letters and has been spotted by detectives at a number of the princess's public engagements over the past year. His identity is known to the security services. A police source was last night quoted as saying: "He has not made any direct moves towards the princess in terms of trying to grab her and there appears to be no malice in his actions. He is quite simply obsessed with her."

Scotland Yard and Buckingham Palace last night refused

to comment on the report, which follows confirmation on Thursday that a stalker has been following the princess around the country. Security has been stepped up as a result.

The Princess Royal, who in the past has shrugged off the risks involved in her public role with the words "life's too short", has vowed to continue her engagements undeterred by fears for her safety.

A palace official said she would be "carrying on as normal" with her full schedule of public engagements next week.

Her next public engagement is on Tuesday at a charity auction for the British Olympic Association, of which she is president.

As a precaution, extra officers are expected to be deployed during her appearance at Bonhams auctioneers, central London.

Similarly heightened security will be in place when she attends the London International Boat Show at Earls Court, London, on Wednesday and a series of events in Leeds and Liverpool the following day.

The princess, who is regarded as one of the most industrious members of the royal family with an almost daily schedule of public engagements, has already demonstrated her refusal to be terrorised by the security risks involved with her role after surviving an armed kidnap attempt 20 years ago.

Asked about the risks of attack in an interview in 1994 on Woman's Hour on BBC Radio 4 she said matter-of-factly: "I think it is a permanent possibility, I am afraid. We just have to live with it."

Just travelling around has its own risks, but then so does getting out of bed. So, life's too short, really."

The princess and her staff have been aware for some time of the man stalking her.



The stalker... 'appears to be no malice in his actions'

### Fatal attraction of fame

□ TV presenter Ulrika Jonsson was bombarded by obscene calls and nude photos by Peter Casey who thought her weather reports were coded messages of love. After being interviewed by the police, Casey threw himself under a train.

□ Singer Olivia Newton-John, once described as "the most stalked woman in the world", was pursued by three psychotic men, two of whom later murdered members of their families.

□ John Lennon was shot dead by Mark Chapman in the doorway of his New York apartment block in December 1980. Chapman later said: "I had to usurp someone else's importance, someone else's success. I was Mr Nobody until I killed the biggest somebody on Earth."

□ Lady Helen Taylor, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, was pursued by television cameraman Simon Reynolds, who once smashed the windows of her West End gallery. After several court appearances, he was sent for treatment and committed suicide in 1993, aged 37.

□ John Hinckley shot President Reagan in a bid to impress actress Jodie Foster, writing to her an hour before the attack: "At least give me the chance with this historical deed to gain your respect and love."

□ Madonna gave evidence in a Los Angeles court this week where Robert Hoskins is standing trial accused of stalking her. Hoskins, who was shot by a bodyguard at the singer's Hollywood mansion, allegedly threatened to "slice her throat from ear to ear".

## Anger on grant for bankrupt

Michael White

**L**ABOUR last night demanded an inquiry into how a bankrupt businessman not only managed to obtain £850,000 worth of regional grants, but later persuaded his local Tory MP to help him obtain a Whitehall loan guarantee worth £250,000 when his new venture ran into trouble.

The shadow trade secretary, Margaret Beckett, wrote to Ian Lang, the President of the Board of Trade, had admitted that his department had misled MPs during Michael Heseltine's tenure by saying that checks on John Dawson had been made.

In fact Mr Dawson, a former Conservative councillor in Bath, had gone bust in the early eighties with debts on his garage business of around £2 million. He went to live in St Lucia — where he also ran into debt — and returned 10 years later to start ROM-Data in Falmouth, Cornwall.

It is now the subject of a Serious Fraud Office investigation after collapsing. He obtained £850,000 worth of regional selective assistance grants with the help of the local MP, Sebastian Coe, according to David Jamieson, Labour MP for Plymouth Devonport.

ROM-Data went into liquidation a year ago with job losses and wages unpaid, but not before £250,000 worth of loan guarantee was forthcoming. Mr Jamieson told colleagues last night, Mr Dawson is now believed to be in Ireland.

Mr Lang denies misleading MPs, since he told the Commons in December, as soon as it emerged that "no documentary evidence" existed to confirm that checks were made, though it is known that the Insolvency Service knew of Mr Dawson's delinquency.

Mr Jamieson said: "I want to see a full Commons debate on this so I can cross-examine ministers over whether checks were made or not and whether ministers made statements that were wrong."

Last night the DTI said Mr Lang would tell MPs everything as soon as inquiries were completed.



Crown Prince Abdullah of Saudi Arabia, left, with Michael Heseltine, then Defence Secretary, in 1984, a year before the Al Yamamah contract was sealed. PHOTOGRAPH: KEN BALDWIN

## Web that links weapons and Whitehall

Vickers chief at centre of network of contacts mobilised to safeguard £2bn-a-year arms deal with Saudis in face of dissident's actions

Sir Colin Chandler, Chris Barrie and Richard Norton-Taylor

**S**IR COLIN Chandler's extraordinarily sharp warning that vital arms deals were being threatened by the activities of the Saudi dissident Mohammed al Mas'ari throws a revealing light on the complex web of relationships that links Britain's biggest weapons producers and the Government.



Mohammed al Mas'ari, who faces deportation to Dominica

He names some of the defence industry's most influential players, a number of whom have at one time worked on secondment at the Ministry of Defence or had intimate dealings with the Washington establishment.

The carefully penned memorandum from the chief executive of tank maker Vickers names all the main industrial players behind the £2 billion a year Al Yamamah oil-for-arms deal with Saudi Arabia and associated military export projects.

It also clearly indicates the industry's determination to pressure the Government over Mr Mas'ari's activities and to mobilise powerful Whitehall forces on their behalf. It shows how close the links have become between UK defence manufacturers and the Saudi Royal family.

Al Yamamah — a contract first sealed in 1985 when Michael Heseltine was Defence Secretary — is one of Britain's biggest export deals. Paid for in oil — drawn at a rate of 600,000 barrels a day and worth the equivalent today of \$3.6 billion (£2.3 billion) — the contract has been a mainstay of British

seconded from BAE to the MoD for five years as head of Defence Export Services from 1985 — the year when Al Yamamah was sealed. The memo relates detailed conversations with Dick Evans, chief executive of BAE, who rose to be the pivotal player in BAE after three years commuting to Riyadh as the architect of the Al Yamamah deal. These two — despite early rivalry in their careers — would be in regular contact with the politician GKN boss, Sir David Lees.

The memo is addressed to David Hastie, head of international relations at Vickers, who enjoyed notoriety during the Scott Arms-to-Iraq inquiry after it emerged that he had temporarily been seconded from the MoD to BAE to allow him to visit the Baghdad Arms Fair in 1989. It also names Mike Rouse, now head of military aircraft at BAE, who has twice represented the company in Washington and worked from 1988 to 1990 as director of Saudi Arabian Business Development before becoming Director of Saudi Operations for two years, and Andrew Green — just appointed as British Ambassador in Riyadh.

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Aerospace, Britain's leading defence contractor. It has essentially acted as managing agent for the government-to-government deal, as well as exporting its own products, including 120 Tornado fighter/bombers, 60 Hawk trainer/light attack aircraft and PC-9 trainer aircraft.

Powerful baron frets under lash of unruly accuser's tongue, as king enjoys rival's discomfort

Leslie Pflaum

**N**O KING, however absolute, can afford to ignore the mood of his barons.

The ailing King Fahd has for months adopted a dismissive and disdainful attitude towards Mohammed al-Mas'ari. The real anger, and pressure for action, has come from the handful of very powerful princes at the apex of the House of Saud.

Such insults were calculated to cause discomfort. That Fahd enjoyed the spectacle, as the letter claims, is possible: the attacks may have helped him keep in check a baron with a reputation as an energetic administrator, and a master at populist walkabouts.

Key among them is the al-Mas'ari case is Prince Sultan, aged about 70 and next in line for the throne after the crown prince and current "acting monarch", Abdullah, Defence minister since 1982. Sultan also became second deputy prime minister when Fahd took the throne in 1982.

While the relationship has been mixed, Fahd is said to be closer to Sultan than he is to Abdullah. Ultimately, all the leading figures in the ruling family recognise that if they are to continue to control the peninsula, cohesion must outweigh rivalries.

Unlike Abdullah, Sultan has frequently felt the last of Mr Mas'ari's newsletters, conspicuously published without supporting evidence. Under the headline "Know your leaders", Sultan was accused in one fax of "a huge collection of crimes", includ-

ing involvement in defence contract irregularities, and bearing chief responsibility for creating hugely expensive armed forces whose impressive image the Gulf war exposed as "complete fiction". High living and lack of Islamic observance were also listed.

The deal, renewed in 1988, has at times kept BAE in the black during a turbulent part of its history. It also supported other key defence contractors. The main players — BAE, GEC, GKN, Vickers and Rolls-Royce — are the backbone of a giant industry with a combined stock market capitalisation of £19.3 billion.

Even so, Sultan has been in a strong position as master of defence contracting to press British interests to get Mr Mas'ari brought to heel. The relationship has been mixed, Fahd is said to be closer to Sultan than he is to Abdullah. Ultimately, all the leading figures in the ruling family recognise that if they are to continue to control the peninsula, cohesion must outweigh rivalries.

### Key players who fill top positions in Britain's defence industry

**SIR COLIN CHANDLER**, the chief executive of Vickers, which makes Rolls-Royce cars and builds Britain's main battle tank, the Challenger, has also worked for the Ministry of Defence and British Aerospace. A forceful personality, he acted as Britain's principal arms salesman, as head of the Defence Export Services Organisation, from the mid-1980s when the huge Al Yamamah oil-for-arms deal was signed.

**SIR DAVID LEES**, chairman of GKN, was educated at Charterhouse public school in Surrey, and commissioned into the Royal Artillery, but left the army in 1957 to join accountants Binder Hamlyn. In 1964 he joined aircraft maker Hamilton Page, subsequently moving to defence and car parts group GKN as a senior accountant, becoming chairman in 1988.

**MIKE ROUSE**, managing director, military aircraft division of British Aerospace, has long experience of dealing with Saudi Arabia and is a key to BAE's effort to maintain a close relationship with the kingdom. His career included a spell in 1984 in BAE's military office in Washington DC, where he became a senior vice president and came into contact with the American defence industry. Returning to Britain in 1988, Mr Rouse took charge of BAE's Saudi Arabian operations. Three years later he was made head of BAE's systems and services division, set up primarily to run the Al Yamamah programme.

**JOHN CROWTHER**, chief executive of Vickers Defence Systems, previously spent 10 years at British Aerospace, where he became an executive director in 1986. Like Sir Colin Chandler, he once worked for Hawker Siddeley. He is credited with leading Vickers's sales campaign to persuade the British Government to buy the Challenger 2 battle tank.

Education at a boarding school near London, Mr Evans joined the British Aircraft Corporation, which later merged with Hawker Siddeley — where Sir Colin Chandler worked — to form BAE. As a military salesman, Mr Evans has spent much of his career working abroad, including three years spent commuting on the Al Yamamah contract.

**DAVID HASTIE**, Vickers' director of international affairs, has had a long and close professional relationship with Sir Colin Chandler between the revolving doors linking the arms industry and Whitehall.

**ANDREW GREEN** was officially appointed Britain's ambassador to Saudi Arabia earlier this week, replacing David Gore-Booth. He is currently in charge of Middle East policy at the Foreign Office in London.

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*The Relapse*  
or VIRTUE IN DANGER by John Vanbrugh

MIKE ROUSE, managing director, military aircraft division of British Aerospace, has long experience of dealing with Saudi Arabia and is a key to BAE's effort to maintain a close relationship with the kingdom. His career included a spell in 1984 in BAE's military office in Washington DC, where he became a senior vice president and came into contact with the American defence industry. Returning to Britain in 1988, Mr Rouse took charge of BAE's Saudi Arabian operations. Three years later he was made head of BAE's systems and services division, set up primarily to run the Al Yamamah programme.

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# Mr Jackpot, rich in happiness, looks forward to shedding his burden as nation's biggest winner

## Woman chained in hard labour



Virek Chaudhary

**S**ATURDAY evening, December 10, 1994, Noel's House Party had just finished on BBC1 and Mukhtar Mohidin and his family were preparing for the next round of early evening viewing at their Blackburn home.

It was the National Lottery draw. By the time the seven rubber balls had dropped out of the drum, the £250 a week factory worker was a multi-millionaire. By the end of this evening, Mr Mohidin may find that he is no longer the largest single lottery winner. It is, he admits, a title he would like to give up.

"Of course I'm happy. Wouldn't you be? It's changed my life. But I haven't enjoyed all the bad publicity that's come with the win," Mr Mohidin said.

Since scooping the £17.8 million jackpot, Mr Mohidin's life has been transformed from the drudgery of factory work, seven nights a week. He no longer works and has moved to a large detached house in the Home Counties. His three children attend a private school and the family went abroad for Christmas.

A Mercedes sports car stands in the drive next to a space cruiser van, which is used for family outings. The house's front light comes on automatically as visitors approach.

Mr Mohidin is deeply suspicious of all strangers, particularly those from the press. He orders his children away as he talks in the driveway, refusing to let me into his house. A short, stocky man

who speaks with a slight Lancashire accent, he wears a thick gold chain and bracelet and he rants about the way he feels he has been treated.

"The press portrayed me out to seem very helpful. They have hounded me and my family and I'm sick of it. I think it's racism. Most white people in this country were not happy that an Asian had won all this money. They have been writing all those stupid things about me. The average man in the street thought: 'Why has a Paki won all this money? Why can't it be me?'"

After winning the jackpot Mr Mohidin asked for anonymity. Within days the press were camped outside his Blackburn home and newspapers greeted his win with headlines like: "What a rich chappati" and "Vinda loot".

"I don't blame Camelot. They have been very helpful, given me good advice and have supported me throughout. They were not responsible for the press finding out who I was and where I lived."

Blackburn Rovers fan, Mr Mohidin admits to enjoying a drink in the pubs and regularly plays pool with locals, some of whom have become close friends.

"They all know who I am. They all know that I'm the lottery winner but no one says anything to me. They are scared of me. I look them straight in the eye when I walk into the pub because I've led a hard life and am not frightened of anyone."

"As we stand in the drive, a car slowly cruises by with both the occupants staring. 'You see they all know who Mohidin is,' he said.

Reports of family rifts and problems with his wife were all fabricated by the press, Mr Mohidin claims. He is still with his wife and keeps in touch with family and close friends in Blackburn, who visit him regularly.

But being a multi-millionaire does not mean that Mr Mohidin always gets his own way. Neighbours protested when he wanted to install a swimming pool and Mr Mohidin had to abandon his plans.

A neighbour said: "Everyone knows he's the lottery winner. He's friendly and they seem like a nice family. I don't know why people just don't leave them alone."



George Woods is philosophical about his big win: 'The money has come too late in life for me, but I'll get my family sorted.'

## The twelve rum toast to Camelot's largesse

Maggie O'Kane

**G**EORGE FREDERICK Woods spent all day Thursday writing cheques in his new chequebook. "The money has come too late in life for me, but I'll get my family sorted," he said. "There's all sorts coming out of the woodwork but I'm looking after the family, and that's it."

There's the Kelly, Denise, Terry and Paul to sort out. Thirteen children in all, and then there's Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

George Woods was part of a pub syndicate of 10 people that won £8.2 million pounds three weeks ago. Everyone else has cleared off to Tener-

ife and Cyprus but George, who was born in 1925 in Athlone Street just five minutes walk from the pub in Kentish Town, London, has no time for all that.

"What would I be doing in Tenerife?" he said. "I was only on holiday once before, and that was in 1960. It was a 26 bus trip to Ostend. I wouldn't mind going back there, I suppose, but if my boy thinks of somewhere else to go, I'd go. I have to get a passport."

"When I was 20 it would have meant something. Now I've got five or six years to live. So it doesn't matter to me — just my family."

George went into the building trade with his father when he was 14, earning £3.28 a week.

"In those days you lined up on the side of the road and a fellow in brown boots, a brown suit and brown gaiters would walk up and down and then say: 'You, you and you.'"

By closing time on Thursday George was on his third pint and his twelfth rum.

"In a way it's more trouble than its worth. Begging letters from people who don't know me. You never know if they're true. I just chuck them in the bin."

"I've had one or two proposals but I don't want to marry again, I've had three wives but I still love the last one. That's Glenys. She couldn't give a damn about money."

The £240,000 win was easy money for George who, in his twenties, used to earn extra

going three rounds in the boxing ring at the Nottingham Goose Fair for the brown note — 10 shillings. He also rode the Wall of Death at the Durham Miners' Gala.

"I have my stool in this bar. When I come into this pub anyone who's in that stool gets up off it for me. That's the way they are around here. None of them here have asked me for anything."

"I was so shook up with it all that my son, George Boy, who won £2 million of it, took me round the corner to the pub to calm me down."

"George said to me: 'Dad, we've got a winner. The till was running until Sunday night, and we paid for it. There was more that came out of the woodwork that weekend.'"

There have been 68,539,251 lottery winners. About 60 million have won the smallest prize, £10.

140 people have become lottery millionaires.

An estimated £20 million in prizes money has not been claimed since June.

The total gambled is £3.8 billion; £1.7 billion has been paid out in prizes.

Sixty-five per cent of the adult population plays the lottery every week; 80 per cent (85 million people) bought a ticket this week.

The chance of a single ticket winning the jackpot is 14,000,000-1.

### In the money

Virek Chaudhary

**H**OLLOWAY women's prison in north London was at the centre of a new controversy last night as a secretly filmed TV news report showed a pregnant prisoner being chained and handcuffed every time she moved away from a hospital bed, before and after giving birth.

Anne Widdicombe, the Home Office minister, appeared on Channel 4 television to defend the practice of manacled pregnant prisoners. "We have had one woman abscond when she was fairly well into her pregnancy. She went to an antenatal appointment and jumped out of a first floor window," she said. "But we have an absolute rule that we don't handcuff women or restrain them while they are actually in childbirth."

The row broke after an announcement that Janet King, the governor of Holloway where an inspection last month discovered overzealous security and unacceptably dirty conditions, is to be transferred.

The Channel 4 report concerned Annette, whose surname was not revealed, who is serving two years for theft. On Monday she arrived at Whittington hospital, north London, to give birth, and was kept in a side ward, chained to the bed.

She was later led to the labour ward in chains, and every time she went for a walk to ease the pain or to the toilet the officers were shown pulling out the handcuffs and shackles. As she lay in the labour ward, the guards sat on the other side of a screen and could be heard chatting.

Beverley Beech, chair of the Association for Improvement in Maternity Services, who was with Annette during the birth, said last night it was a humiliating experience, which pregnant prisoners across Britain have to endure. "For any woman to give birth successfully she needs to feel secure, confident in her attendants and unstressed. Annette was very stressed by the presence of the guards," Ms Beech said.

## Israeli agents kill Hamas bombing chief

Derek Brown in Jerusalem

**T**HE most hated man in Israel was killed in the Gaza Strip yesterday, executed by a tiny bomb hidden in a mobile telephone.

Yahya Ayyash, known as the Engineer, is said to have planned and organised the killing of more than 70 Israelis in a 19-month spate of suicide bombings.

But being a multi-millionaire does not mean that Mr Mohidin always gets his own way. Neighbours protested when he wanted to install a swimming pool and Mr Mohidin had to abandon his plans.

A neighbour said: "Everyone knows he's the lottery winner. He's friendly and they seem like a nice family. I don't know why people just don't leave them alone."

According to Israel Radio, which broke the news, Ayyash, aged 32, died in an explosion in the Jabaliya refugee camp, in the north of the territory, controlled by the Palestine Liberation Organization's self-rule authority.

Several hours after the report, there was still no confirmation of the death from Palestinian authorities. But last night an unnamed Reuters source told the Reuters news agency that Ayyash, himself a master bomb-maker, had been killed by a 2oz explosive charge in a cell-phone.

Throughout yesterday afternoon, there was no trace of doubt in the Israeli radio reports — evidently based on high-level briefings. The reports said that security officials had already briefed Israel's prime minister, Shimon Peres, on Ayyash's death.

In broadcast interviews, politicians and others made little attempt to dampen speculation that Israeli agents had killed the Engineer.

Hamas, the Islamist group to which Ayyash belonged, clearly believed the Israeli reports. In statements relayed through mosque loudspeakers, Hamas blamed Israel for the killing and also accused the leader of the PLO, Yasser Arafat, of letting Israeli agents operate in Gaza.

Later, in a leaflet circulated in Gaza, the organisation's military wing warned of retribution. "The Hamas brigades will reach the hand which

will reach the hand which



Yahya Ayyash: Hamas master bomb-maker

was behind this crime and will deal with it as it should be dealt with," it said.

Ayyash was at the top of Israel's wanted list. He has been linked with 11 suicide-bombing missions between April 1994 and November 1995, which killed 75 people, mostly Israelis.

The secret service, Shin Bet, and its overseas counterpart, Mossad, have murdered at least four Islamist leaders in 15 months including the Islamic Jihad leader Fathi Shaqul, Kamal Kheiri, a Hamas activist, and Hazzi Abed, a local Islamic Jihad leader.

Moche Shahal, Israel's internal security minister, said he could not confirm the death, but referred to "the pin-point success".

Gidon Ezra, a former deputy head of Shin Bet, said of his ex-colleagues: "If they are connected with this, which I don't know, I think we should give them all our blessings."

Ayyash has been hunted since 1982. Since he came to public attention in 1984, he has been the devil incarnate to many Israelis, and was a cult-hero to Palestinians.

Palestinian police, page 5



July 24, 1995: Suicide-bomber kills six on a bus in Tel Aviv



August 21, 1995: Hamas kill five in Jerusalem bus bomb



January 22, 1995: Islamic Jihad kill 21 at Beit Lid bus stop

**Y**AHYA AYYASH was the mastermind of a series of attacks on Israelis aimed at scuppering peace moves. The following is a list of the bombings Ayyash is either known or believed to have planned:

April 6, 1994: A bus blast in the northern Israeli town of Afula kills eight Israelis and a suicide bomber. Hamas claims responsibility.

April 13: A bus blast in a crowded bus station in the Israeli town of Hadera kills five and a suicide bomber.

October 19: A Hamas bomber, Saleh Abdel-Rahim al-Sowli, kills himself and 22 other people on an Israeli bus in Tel Aviv.

November 11: A Palestinian cyclist from the Islamic Jihad movement kills himself and three Israeli soldiers at military post near a Jewish settlement in the Gaza Strip. Ayyash was thought to have tutored Islamic Jihad militants in bomb-making.

December 25: A Palestinian bomber who is a member of Hamas blows himself up near a soldiers' bus stop in Jerusalem, wounding 13 people.

January 22, 1995: Two Islamic Jihad suicide bombers kill 21 Israelis, all but one of them soldiers, at a bus stop in Beit Lid, central Israel.

April 9: Islamic suicide bombers kill eight Jews in two attacks near Jewish settlements in the Gaza Strip, prompting a crackdown on militants by Yasser Arafat.

June 25: A Palestinian donkey-cart driver blows himself up in Gaza near Israeli troops, and wounds three soldiers.

July 24: A Hamas suicide-bomber kills six people on a bus in the Tel Aviv suburb of Ramat Gan.

August 21: Five people are killed in the Hamas suicide bombing of a bus in Jerusalem.

November 2: Two suicide car bombers blow themselves up in the Gaza Strip, wounding at least eight Israelis.



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The above return fares are valid when two people are travelling together. Fares are subject to availability and must be purchased before 31st January 1996 for travel completed before 31st March 1996. Travel must include a Saturday night stay. Passenger taxes will apply.

You queued for the bus, you smiled at the check-out woman, you let the car on to the roundabout in front of you. Now apparently mild-mannered people are cracking all over the place.

Outlook page 14



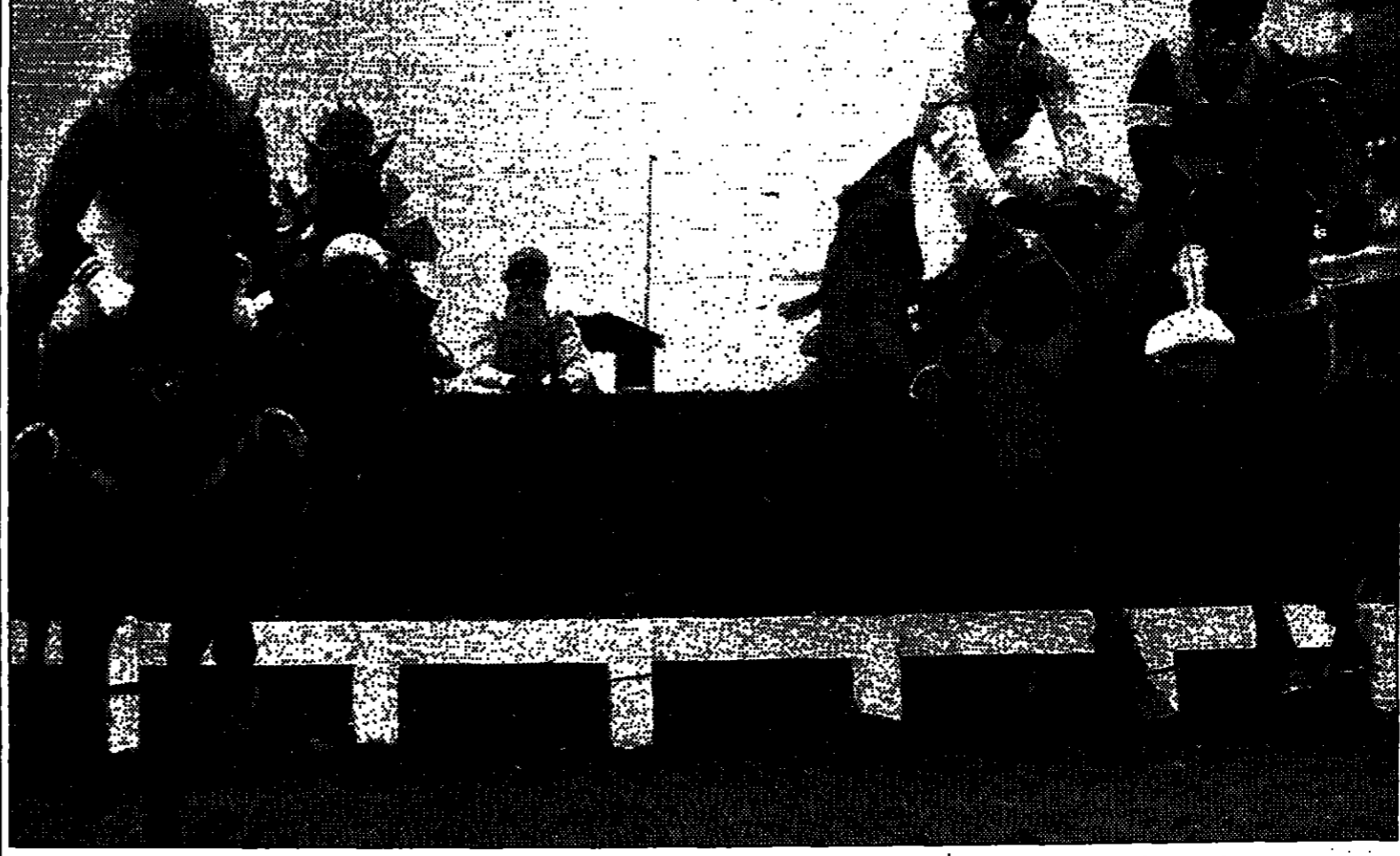
Racing

Gifford delivers a Gale warning

Ken Oliver says the switch to Sandown favours 16-1 shot in postponed King George

BRIEF GALE, at 16-1, looks tremendous each-way value in today's King George VI Tripleprint Chase at Sandown. Josh Gifford, her trainer, rates the nine-year-old the best mare he has trained, while the switch to the Esher track from the cancelled meeting at Kempton on Boxing Day is in her favour. Before Christmas, Brief Gale sustained a minor injury and the Finton trainer thought she might need another week to show her best. The weather certainly answered that requirement and now the much tougher Sandown course can bring her stamina into play. Last season, Brief Gale took well to fencing. She was third in the King George before beating Kadi by half a length in the heavy ground at Kempton in February. Her finest moment came the following month at the Cheltenham Festival, where she triumphed a good field for the Sun Alliance Novice Chase, beating Haroon by nine lengths, with Bangor another 15 lengths away third. She then went to Ayr in April, but was beaten 11 lengths by Misguided Missile. However, the race given was completely against her and that effort is best forgotten. During the last few months Brief Gale has really im-

pressed Gifford and her chance will improve with any further rain. Gordon Richards, the Greystoke trainer, will be hoping the going does not get too testing for One Man. After failing to complete the course in his final two races last season, One Man regained his old sparkle with victories at Ayr and Haydock, where he thrashed Monsieur Le Cure by 11 lengths. With Richard Dunwoody in the saddle, One Man will take some pegging back, but it is worth remembering that only one of his 11 wins have been gained on a right-hand course such as Sandown. Barton Bank, but for that dreadful blunder at the final fence in last year's race, would be on a King George hat-trick. He is a class act, but adds intrigue to the contest with both Val d'Aiene and Algan. Francois Doumen, the brilliant French trainer who has won the King George, adds intrigue to the contest with both Val d'Aiene and Algan. Algan was the main beneficiary from Barton Bank's blunder last year, while Val d'Aiene looked at home in the mud when beating Sotheby 20 lengths in the Racing Post Chase last February. Both have been specially prepared for this race and there is not much between them. Watching One Man fly these fences should be an exciting spectacle. He will take some pegging back, but if he is to be found out up the Sandown hill, Brief Gale (2.30) could be the one to spoil the grey's day. Storm Alert (12.55), opposing at level weights, is cracking race when beaten five lengths by One Man in the Tingle Creek Chase over Sandown's two miles last month and looks the pick of the Oriental Handicap Chase. River North (1.50), a smart two-year-old, has impressed in his schooling over the jumps. He is as low as 14-1 for the Champion Hurdle and a winning debut is anticipated.



Ready to pounce... Aidrian Maguire has Turning Trix (right) in a challenging position in yesterday's Fred Withington Chase at Towcester. PHOTO: FRANK BARN

Nicholson expects winning run from Trix

DAVID NICHOLSON is hoping a history of success will help Turning Trix triumph in the Fred Withington Memorial Handicap Chase at Towcester yesterday. Having landed the event with the five-times winner Percy Smollett 12 months ago, the champion trainer is hoping Turning Trix can do the same. "Percy Smollett won five on the bounce for me last season," said Nicholson,

with a smile that indicated he thought Turning Trix was well enough handicapped to run up a sequence. "We were a bit worried about the ground as he'd run below par at it twice before, but he was always travelling and jumping well," he added. The winner was having his first outing for the stable after being handled previously by Simon Sheverson.

Turning Trix was always moving smoothly for Aidrian Maguire before hitting the front two out and beating Court Melody by five lengths. Rodi Greene, rider of third, Steep Jack, was fined £200 for returning 3lb heavier than he weighed 12 months ago. Nicholson and Maguire went on to complete a double when Boss's Bank ploughed through the stamina-sapping conditions to

get the better of Bramley May in the concluding National Hunt Flat Race. Jenny Pitman's idiot's Lady overcame plenty of problems caused by loose horses to overcome Sister Stephanie on her fencing debut in the EBF Tattersalls (Ireland) Mares' Novices' Chase Qualifier. The mare had been a big flop over hurdles when well supported at Cheltenham last time and Mark Pitman reckoned the fact she was

in season on that occasion excused her dismal showing. Philip Hobbs is eyeing the Supreme Novices' Hurdle at Cheltenham Festival for Crack On after the improving gelding backed up in division one of the Ash NE Novices' Hurdle under Graham McCourt. Division two of the race went to Oban and Jason Tiley, who just got the better of a driving finish with Glitter Isle.

Eskimo Nel looks too hot for rivals

ESKIMO NEL (1.30) can get back on the winning trail by carrying top weight to victory in the Northern Handicap Hurdle at Haydock today, writes Ken Oliver. Spearing's mare has made rapid progress this season. After rattling up a hat-trick, she ran her finest race when going under by a

short-head to Chief's Song in the valuable William Hill Handicap at Sandown last month. Easy Buck (2.00), who made a winning start for John Davies, when beating The Frog Prince at Newbury in November, can follow up in the Newton Handicap Chase.

Sandown runners and riders with TV form

Table with 2 columns: Race Name and TV Form. Includes races like 1.55 Blunney, 1.55 River North, 2.30 River Gale, 2.30 Greenhill Turf Army, 2.30 Reversed Turn.

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Haydock with form for the televised events

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Large vertical advertisement on the right side of the page, featuring the text 'England' and 'A' in large letters, along with other smaller text and graphics.

Handwritten text at the bottom right of the page, possibly a signature or note.



Cricket

Mike Selvey in Cape Town believes that, despite losing, Mike Atherton's team has made significant progress

England trapped in the far-off land that is forever defeat

ANOTHER defeat, another series gone. But it is not all doom and gloom. Even amid the gloom, England under the stewardship of Mike Atherton and Raymond Illingworth have become a harder side to beat. Atherton was determined that it should be so and by and large has succeeded. There is of course, a step to be taken forward from that: they must now learn the art of winning.

Atherton, quite rightly, defends his decision to give the new ball to Devon Malcolm on Wednesday evening in an attempt to finish off the first South African innings. "Well, we didn't want to take the new ball against Pollock," he rationalised, "because he'd carved us around a bit. But Mike Watkinson got rid of him, so that was okay. It left us with two tail-enders, Donald and Adams. Donald had hung around against the medium pacers, so we thought pace. Besides which, Cork got rid of him straight away with the new ball. In any case, that was okay as well. At the other end I got a bowler, Devon, who had bowled just 10 overs in the day, was fresh and can bowl quick. What do you do?"

ple of watching and playing on merits, an object lesson others could have absorbed. Of the bowlers, Dominic Cork was the pick - bustling, probing, big-hearted and influential. But the discovery of the tour was Peter Martin, who made the trip only because of injury to Richard Johnson and was resigned to not getting a game. Instead he bowled manfully, accurately and swung the ball, forcing his way in.

Test averages

Table with columns for Batting and Bowling for England and South Africa. Includes names like J.P. Crawley, R.C. Russell, M.A. Atherton, D.G. Cork, and batting/bowling figures.

Players will return home knowing they did not pull their weight. The rain-ruined match in Durban was pretty evenly poised. England's strength over South Africa ought to have been the batting. Instead, as Atherton pointed out, players will return to England knowing they did not pull their weight.

And some series have not been played for an awfully long time. India-Pakistan Tests have been given up as a bad-tempered dead loss for the past six years; England have not been to Pakistan since Shaokor Rana and Australia have not been to India since 1966-67. It would be a bit difficult including those matches, so an artificial cut-off date of the English season 1990 has been imposed.



Last stand... Mike Atherton watches Cronje take the honours

Kings for the day can never claim to be rulers of the world

Matthew Engel argues that only an international fixture list of Tests can determine who are the proper champions

ON March 17 cricket's World Cup final will take place in Lahore. The biased, the simplifying and those who believe what they read in the newspapers will immediately proclaim the winners as world champions, and it will be complete poppycock.

counted, and it was a horrid flop there. Last year Wisden came up with a plan to get round the problems. All that would be required is minor adjustments to the international fixture list so that each of the nine countries plays the others in at least one Test both home and away over a given period, either four or five years. They are edging towards this anyway.

others, giving a potential 32 points each. No one has played everyone else, so it has been necessary to add in one lot of damned dots. What emerges is something rather surprising. Even before this week the figures cannot be taken as of Sri Lanka, who were considered unworthy of even a solitary Test match during our summer.

Table showing Test match statistics for various countries including South Africa, Australia, West Indies, Pakistan, India, England, Sri Lanka, and New Zealand. Columns include P, Pls, and Av.

Lingfield all-weather Flat card

Racing card for Lingfield all-weather flat races. Lists race numbers, names, and details for various events.

Warwick runners and riders

Racing card for Warwick all-weather flat races. Lists race numbers, names, and details for various events.

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Racing card for Warwick all-weather flat races. Lists race numbers, names, and details for various events.

Warwick runners and riders

Racing card for Warwick all-weather flat races. Lists race numbers, names, and details for various events.

Express ready for Ladbroke

Mary Reveley's gelding, who was ridden by Peter Niven, completed two miles of the course and jumped the last two hurdles in company with Sweet Mignonette. "He absolutely pinged the hurdles and we are delighted with the gallop," said Horace Young, who owns the gelding.

Express ready for Ladbroke

Express Gift is on target for the Ladbroke Hurdle at Leopardstown next Saturday after a successful workout at a Newcastle racecourse yesterday.

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RACELINE logo and contact information for racing results services.

Table listing racing results for various tracks including Sandown, Haydock, Warwick, Lingfield, and Irish.



FA CUP THIRD ROUND

A guide to the visitors with a part to play in history

David Lacey looks for the more likely and unlikely survivors of a weekend when the big guns join the fray



Over here... among the foreign players expected to illuminate the round are, clockwise from left, Newcastle's French winger David Ginola, Middlesbrough's Brazilian forward Juninho, Chelsea's Dutch all-rounder Ruud Geulth, Aston Villa's Yugoslav striker Savo Milosevic, Derby's Croatian sweeper Igor Stimac and Manchester City's Georgian midfielder Georgi Kinkladze



Enter the foreign legions to a very English occasion

SO TEAMS competing in the FA Cup will now be able to field as many foreigners as they like, provided the players come from within the European Union. This is no big deal. Cup winners' medals were being won by men from foreign fields before Jean-Marc Bosman was born.

A Chilean, George Robledo, took the trophy to Newcastle United in 1953 and a South African, Bill Perry, did as much for Blackpool the following season. In 1956 a former German paratrooper Bert Trautmann broke his neck for Manchester City and 25 years later an Argentinian, Ricky Villa, broke City's hearts as he won the Cup for Tottenham.

Only two seasons ago a couple of lily taken penalties from Eric Cantona froze Chelsea's resistance, and in last season's semi-finals the seemingly inexorable progress of Jürgen Klinsmann to Wembley was ultimately halted by a Nigerian, Everton's Daniel Amokachi.

So, although the prospects of David Ginola winning the Cup for Newcastle, Cantona returning the trophy to Manchester United, Dennis Bergkamp painting Wembley orange for Arsenal, Tony Yeboah striking it rich for Leeds and Juninho introducing Middlesbrough folk to street carnivals are undoubtedly intriguing, they are hardly novel.

Duncan Ferguson to an attack already invigorated by Andrei Kanchelskis will stiffen Everton's defence of the trophy while the wavelength now shared by Stan Collymore and Robbie Fowler at Anfield must enhance Liverpool's Cup prospects.

Naturally Newcastle United are fancied as much in the Cup as they are in the league. Kevin Keegan's team would probably be favourites to win the next election if they decided to become a party.

Yet, with the championship Keegan's priority, Chelsea would do St James' Park a favour by repeating at Stamford Bridge tomorrow their 1-0 league victory of four weeks ago. Keegan does not need replays for sure.

Unusually Newcastle are involved in the third round's only all-Premiership tie for the second successive season. A year ago they were held 1-1 at home by Blackburn before winning the replay impressively 3-1 at Wood Park. If Chelsea are held tomorrow they are unlikely to get a second chance.

Blackburn should do better this time provided they survive the disappearing act that a good run can perform on an otherwise immovable overdraft.

A good Cup run may offer a pleasantly warm current to the big fish cruising the Premiership's golden pond but, for the small fry fighting against the tide in the shark-infested waters of the English League, the FA Cup is truly a choice between death or glory.

For Hereford, at home to Tottenham today, it looks like heaven. "We'll come out of the game about £35,000 richer," said the club's managing director Robin Fry, "but it's probably cost us around £100,000 coming out of the bag first against Spurs."

"We reckon if we had gone to White Hart Lane we would have picked up a cheque for £140,000 and that would have secured us for the rest of the season. I'd always said that, if we got a big home draw, I'd switch the match but the fans here would lynch me."

"If we get a draw and have to replay at Spurs you'll hear the champagne corks in the boardroom as loud as if we had won."

That feeling was echoed by Watford's chief executive John Alexander. "We made more out of one Coca-Cola tie away at Spurs last year than we did out of five FA Cup ties. You can end up making absolutely nothing from the Cup. Last year we were away to Scarborough and were lucky to draw nil-nil. We got a cheque for £2,000 from the game and that could have been our entire income from the FA Cup that season."

Most clubs therefore do not include a Cup run in their budgets for the year. At Leyton Orient, though, they had guestimated £200,000 from various cups for this season at a club where annual turnover is less than £1 million — only to find themselves out of everything by January.

"That is a lot of money," said the club secretary David Burton. "A Cup run can make a difference between having to sell a player at the end of the season to survive or not. There can be a bit of a split in the club when the draw is announced. I'm sitting there praying for an away draw at a big club and the manager is hoping for a home draw that gives the side a chance of winning."

Financially the Cup is anything but a great leveller. For the bigger sides it provides bigger spin-offs. Everton's Cup win doubled their season-ticket base from 11,000 to 22,000, an experience shared by other successful clubs. A top club could expect a boost from sponsors of £100,000, extra club shop spending of £250,000 and income from European games the following season.

The shock factor

FA CUP shocks can occur at any time and in any place — that is the beauty of the competition — but a distinction needs to be drawn between surprises great and small, writes David Lacey. Gravesend winning at Aston Villa, for example, would be a bigger upset than Sutton United knocking out Coventry City, but Tranmere beating QPR, Wimbledon losing at Watford, Coventry going

down this time to Plymouth and even injury-weakened Middlesbrough falling at Notts County would not raise eyebrows that high. Should Rochdale or Stockport win at Liverpool or Everton, now that would be something else.

For the moment eight fans land themselves to serious giant-killing consideration — and, no, the possibility of Arsenal losing to Sheffield United has not been forgotten.

Charlton Athletic v Sheffield Wed

CHARLTON have found scoring a problem in the First Division but their high-scoring dismissal of Wimbledon in the Coca-Cola Cup gives them a chance against a Sheffield Wednesday side which is not keeping many clean sheets. Against that, Wednesday did achieve a comfortable Coca-Cola win at nearby Millwall.

Shock potential \*\*\*

Derby County v Leeds United

IN many ways this is the best-looking tie of the weekend, with Jim Smith's revived Derby side top of the First Division and high on confidence whereas Leeds, having recovered quickly from that 6-2 mauling by Sheffield Wednesday, are beginning to fatter once more. If Derby are up for this one, they should win.

Shock potential \*\*\*\*

Hereford United v Tottenham

A WIN for Hereford would cause an even greater seismic disturbance than their triumph over Newcastle in 1972. The gap in ability is wider now than it was then, and under Gerry Francis Spurs are giving little away. Sheffington and Armstrong should take the Bulls by the horns but someone could always leave the gate open.

Shock potential \*

Ipswich Town v Blackburn Rovers

IPSWICH'S 5-1 win against Port Vale on New Year's Day, combined with the Premier League champions' poor away record, makes this an obvious possibility for an upset. But Blackburn, and particularly Shearer, will have noted the large number of goals conceded by Ipswich at Portman Road.

Shock potential \*\*

Leicester City v Manchester City

A THROWBACK to the 1959 final, this one, when Young's goal took the Cup to Maine Road. Quinn and Kinkladze could ease Manchester City past a Leicester team more vulnerable at home than away, but Alan Ball's defence is brittle and Francis Lee's cups-for-cock-ups theory still holds good.

Shock potential \*\*\*

Manchester United v Sunderland

THERE is surely potential for an upset here, remember, York City, Manchester United have been weakened by injuries and, although Sunderland's surge to the top of the First Division ended at Derby, three post-appointments have given Peter Reid's team the restful benefit of an unscheduled winter break.

Shock potential \*\*

Stoke City v Nottingham Forest

THIS looks one of the safer bets for a replay, seeing that Stoke have been held to five draws at home in the First Division while 13 of Forest's 29 league and cup games this season have ended all-square. Yet Bradford removed Frank Clark's team from the Coca-Cola Cup, which will give Stoke hope.

Shock potential \*

West Ham United v Southend United

TO ECHO the late Arthur Mullard, Southend are to Cup success what Nureyev was to spot-welding. But they are undefeated in nine First Division games and could earn themselves a little bit of fame with this short trip to Upton Park. The Hammers have been beaten four times in five matches and look a mite sorry for themselves.

Shock potential \*\*

Money is the name of the game when FA Cup time comes round. John Duncan takes a closer look at the balance sheet and discovers that a good Cup run means very different things to the big fish and the minnows

Giant-killing and the beanstalk effect

FOR club secretaries, chief executives and managing directors the magic of the Cup is less about the slaying of giants than the disappearing act that a good run can perform on an otherwise immovable overdraft.

A good Cup run may offer a pleasantly warm current to the big fish cruising the Premiership's golden pond but, for the small fry fighting against the tide in the shark-infested waters of the English League, the FA Cup is truly a choice between death or glory.

For Hereford, at home to Tottenham today, it looks like heaven. "We'll come out of the game about £35,000 richer," said the club's managing director Robin Fry, "but it's probably cost us around £100,000 coming out of the bag first against Spurs."

"We reckon if we had gone to White Hart Lane we would have picked up a cheque for £140,000 and that would have secured us for the rest of the season. I'd always said that, if we got a big home draw, I'd switch the match but the fans here would lynch me."

"If we get a draw and have to replay at Spurs you'll hear the champagne corks in the boardroom as loud as if we had won."

That feeling was echoed by Watford's chief executive John Alexander. "We made more out of one Coca-Cola tie away at Spurs last year than we did out of five FA Cup ties. You can end up making absolutely nothing from the Cup. Last year we were away to Scarborough and were lucky to draw nil-nil. We got a cheque for £2,000 from the game and that could have been our entire income from the FA Cup that season."

Most clubs therefore do not include a Cup run in their budgets for the year. At Leyton Orient, though, they had guestimated £200,000 from various cups for this season at a club where annual turnover is less than £1 million — only to find themselves out of everything by January.

"That is a lot of money," said the club secretary David Burton. "A Cup run can make a difference between having to sell a player at the end of the season to survive or not. There can be a bit of a split in the club when the draw is announced. I'm sitting there praying for an away draw at a big club and the manager is hoping for a home draw that gives the side a chance of winning."

Financially the Cup is anything but a great leveller. For the bigger sides it provides bigger spin-offs. Everton's Cup win doubled their season-ticket base from 11,000 to 22,000, an experience shared by other successful clubs. A top club could expect a boost from sponsors of £100,000, extra club shop spending of £250,000 and income from European games the following season.

"It's not to be sniffed at," said Everton's chief executive Michael Dunford, "but in our budgets we assume we will go out of all the cups straight away, so everything is a bonus. We could get someone like Rochdale in the third round and go out with nothing. We can't assume anything."

There are spin-offs even if the draw brings a big club to a small venue. "The wagers all come back," said Orient's Burton. "They all come into the club shop and want to be associated with the club again."

"We'll get a big attendance on Saturday," said Hereford's Fry, "but we've found that you lose the majority of them the next week. Last season we had a sell-out against Nottingham Forest but our League gates went back to exactly the same level. What we want to do is use it as PR, show the town how important the club is to it and hopefully get a new purpose-built stadium. The house that Spurs built?"

How a Cup run adds up

<p><b>Platinum City</b> Premier League Stockport County (h) At 23,554, won 3-1 Receipts: £336,180 Minus expenses of: £19,500 Total to Platinum: £143,406</p>	<p><b>Silver United</b> First Division Altrincham (h) At 5,898, won 3-0 Receipts: £50,080 Minus expenses of: £5,500 Total to Silver: £22,211</p>	<p><b>Tin Town</b> Third Division Macclesfield (h) At 3,952, won 1-0 Receipts: £17,272 Minus expenses of: £4,000 Total to Tin: £8,636</p>
<p><b>Chelsea (a)</b> At 31,202, drew 0-0 Receipts: £338,853 Minus expenses of: £30,000 Platinum's 45%: £138,563 Plus live television fee: £120,000 Total to Platinum: £258,563</p>	<p><b>Nottingham Forest (a)</b> At 23,648, won 1-0 Receipts: £217,088 Minus expenses of: £12,000 Total to Silver: £52,289</p>	<p><b>Plymouth Argyle (a)</b> At 6,863, won 3-2 Receipts: £40,285 Minus expenses of: £5,000 Tin's percentage: £17,542 Plus live television fee: £50,000 Total to Tin: £77,562</p>
<p><b>Chelsea (h)</b> At 38,789, won 1-0 Receipts: £438,692 Minus expenses of: £26,000 Platinum's 42.5%: £175,397 Plus live television fee: £50,000 Total to Platinum: £225,397</p>	<p><b>Millwall (h)</b> At 11,202 Draw 1-1 Receipts: £57,650 Minus expenses of: £18,000 Total to Silver: £22,347</p>	<p><b>Manchester United (a)</b> At 29,430, lost 3-0 Receipts: £284,588 Minus expenses of: £27,000 Tin's percentage: £115,914 Television highlights fee: £15,000 Total to Tin: £130,914</p>
<p><b>Norwich City (h)</b> At 36,428, won 4-2 Receipts: £270,739 Minus expenses of: £25,000 Platinum's 45%: £151,582 Plus TV highlights fee: £15,000 Total to Platinum: £170,582</p>	<p><b>Millwall (a)</b> At 17,887, lost 2-0 Receipts: £59,730 Minus expenses of: £26,000 Silver's percentage: £56,835 Plus live television fee: £50,000 Total to Silver: £116,835</p>	<p><b>Manchester United (h)</b> At 17,887, lost 2-0 Receipts: £59,730 Minus expenses of: £26,000 Silver's percentage: £56,835 Plus live television fee: £50,000 Total to Silver: £116,835</p>
<p><b>Newcastle Utd (a)</b> At 34,450, won 1-0 Receipts: £333,518 Minus expenses of: £30,000 Platinum's 45%: £128,597 Plus live television fee: £120,000 Total to Platinum: £248,597</p>	<p><b>Southampton (at Villa Park)</b> At 38,604, drew 1-1 Receipts: £411,904 Minus deductions of: £90,000 Platinum's percentage: £104,618 Plus live television fee: £120,000 Total to Platinum: £224,618</p>	<p><b>Replay (at Eland Road)</b> At 38,702, won 1-0 Receipts: £472,950 Minus expenses of: £90,000 Platinum's 32.5%: £124,458 Plus live television fee: £120,000 Total to Platinum: £244,458</p>
<p><b>Everton (at Wembley)</b> At 79,592, lost 2-1 Receipts: £2.5 million Plus television: £1 million Total to Platinum: £700,000</p>	<p><b>Splitting up the receipts</b> Up to third round The two competing clubs split the gate receipts after expenditure (see below). Third, fourth, fifth and sixth rounds 45 per cent to each club and 10 per cent to a central fund - the Pool.</p>	<p><b>Expenditure</b> Travel Visiting club is allowed to claim the cost of 20 standard class railway tickets. Hotels A team is only allowed to stay in a hotel if they would have to leave their ground before 8am to get to the match. They can then claim 20 beds at £50 a night. Police and stewards Visiting club to claim the cost of 2000 per 1,000 spectators.</p>

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February issue on sale now FourFourTwo







**SOCCER: Preparing for shocks - David Lacey on the FA Cup third round, page 10**  
**CRICKET: One more lesson - Mike Selvey reviews another lost series, page 9**

# SportsGuardian

## A SHORT DAY'S DRIVE FOR THE PUTTER



Blue turns to grey... Charlie Rotheroe watches his opponent Mark Williamson tee off during the Oxford and Cambridge President's Putter at Rye late yesterday. Rotheroe, whose handicap of plus one is the best in the field, won 2 and 1 to advance to this morning's fifth round. PHOTOGRAPH: TOM JENKINS

## Going to pot because of the lottery



David Lacey

**H**OW appropriate it is that the day of football's biggest national lottery, namely the third round of the FA Cup, should coincide with the National Lottery's biggest day. One more roll-over and the winner will have nearly enough to buy Chelsea.

But whatever size squillionaire the numbered balls may create tonight, and however many plums may be produced by tomorrow's Cup draw, the conjunction of these events should remind football of its debt to gambling habits which have undergone a metamorphosis as a result of the lottery's soaring success.

The FA Cup is in the second season of its first sponsorship, a £14 million deal with Littlewoods Pools, and here an interest should be declared.

For it was on a foggy London evening many moons ago that the pulse raced and the stomach tightened with the realisation that the third round of the Cup had produced enough draws in the right places for a win on the Treble Chance.

The involuntary cry of exaltation that punctuated a Bible class rally at Westminster may have had a spiritual influence on the dividend - 30 pieces of silver. But the immediate feel-good factor was real, hence a lingering affection for the penny pots.

Some of the reactions to the announcement that the FA's last piece of silver was to be sold to a pools company were a bit snuffy, and parts of the game might still regard pools promoters as decidedly below the salt.

In the mid-Thirties the Football League tried to dish them by hushing up the fixture list, a fight abandoned after brief but utter chaos.

Now such a move would be unthinkable. Imagine the reaction if supporters did not know when their teams were playing from one week to another. They might have to resort to Skytext.

If Rupert Murdoch spreads the honey on bread provided by the ever increasing admission prices demanded from fans, then surely the pools in-

come is the butter between. There may be those who would still echo the cry of Claude Rains' Vichy policeman as he closes Rick's place in Casablanca: "I'm shocked, shocked to find that gambling is going on here." Yet the game, like Rains, has been quietly pocketing its winnings for years.

Except that now, with the advent of the Lottery, this income has shrunk alarmingly. Behind Littlewoods' sponsorship of the FA Cup lies a contribution of more than £250 million which has come to the Football Trust through spot-the-ball competitions. But last year the company's turnover dropped 20 per cent.

This is serious news for the game, particularly those clubs who have so far missed the TV gravy train. One football reckoned the pools existed to provide copyright fees for using the fixtures. The success of the lottery has proved otherwise.

IN THE November budget the Chancellor responded to a plea for a 15 per cent cut in pools betting duty with one of five per cent, plus another one per cent in May. More reductions will be needed if clubs in the lower divisions are to meet the 1999 deadline for ground improvement set by Taylor.

Club sweeps have been badly hit as well. Rochdale, seeking glory and a bit of cash at Liverpool today, funded a £1 million stand through a weekly draw at Spotland; the entry dropped from 18,000 to below 10,000 once the National Lottery was underway.

If there were hand-outs for cheek, the Scottish junior team that declared itself a musical society and applied for a lottery grant along with the Royal Opera House would surely have been rewarded.

Then again, maybe a hearty rendering of Four-and-twenty Virgins was not quite what the committee had in mind.

After all, a sense of decorum needs to be maintained. The Turner conducting tonight's numbers game is unlikely to do so in the spirit of the Turner who in the 1946 Cup final between Derby County and Charlton Athletic put the ball into each net and then saw it burst, presumably through embarrassment.

Tomorrow's fourth-round draw will be made by Nat Lofthouse, the last man to score a final by charging the goalkeeper over the line, and Tom Finney, who can hardly fail to give a better performance than he did for Preston at Wembley in 1954. Even the great have off days. The good merely have days off.

## Cricket World Cup under threat

**Suzanne Goldenberg in New Delhi on a tournament gearing up for trouble**

**F**EARS about security and organisation at next month's cricket World Cup were heightened yesterday when the most powerful politician in Bombay renewed his threat to bar the Pakistan side from playing matches in India, saying the team represents the forces of Islamic fundamentalism.

Although Pakistan, the joint hosts, play their opening matches at home they will have to travel to India if they progress into the later stages. Two quarter-finals are scheduled for Bangalore and

Madras, followed by both semi-finals - at Chandigarh and Calcutta. But, with general elections expected in April, there are fears that political parties will try to cash in on anti-Muslim sentiment. Bal Thackeray, the leader of the Hindu extremist Shiv Sena party which heads a governing coalition in the western state of Maharashtra, warned: "Life would be made difficult for all visiting Pakistan teams in all sports disciplines in the future."

Thackeray's threat comes amid signs that plans for the tournament, which opens on February 14, are running into trouble. Newspaper reports said yesterday that work on Delhi's Ferozeshah Kotla ground, where India meet Sri Lanka on March 2, has been delayed until the end of February, following a legal dispute. Indian newspapers have raised fears about the safety of cricket grounds in the wake of the collapse of a stadium during a New Zealand match at Nagpur in November in which nine people were killed and 70 injured.

The Board of Cricket Control in India has reviewed safety at all the 17 venues following the tragedy and set aside \$20 million to upgrade facilities, some of which are woefully inadequate. England are well versed in the volatilities on the sub-continent. Three years ago their tour to India was severely disrupted by a strike by Indian Airlines pilots and in 1984 the Indian prime minister Mrs Gandhi and the British Deputy High Commissioner, Percy Norris, were assassinated shortly after David Gower's team arrived.

However, the TCCB said yesterday that it was confident that there was no immediate threat to English players. "Should the political situation deteriorate we would seek advice from the Foreign Office as to what special measures we should take," said Tim Lamb, the TCCB cricket secretary. "I was out in Pakistan with the A team four weeks ago and I took the chance to speak to the High Commissioner about general security in Karachi where England play a group match against the

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## Russian roulette coup for Millwall

Martin Thorpe

**T**WO of Russia's top internationals have passed up the chance to play in the European Cup in front of 80,000 people in order to join Millwall. The striker Sergei Yuran and the versatile Vasili Kulkov have signed on loan until the end of the season. Such is the poor financial state of Russian football that Spartak Moscow could not hold the pair despite the forthcoming quarter-final against Nantes. Instead they will make their debuts against Port Vale next Saturday.

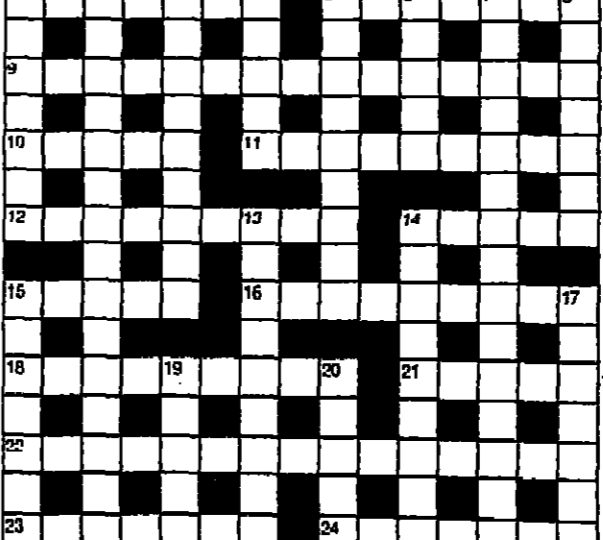
The signings give a timely boost to Millwall's flagging promotion drive. Premiership cash is seen as crucial to Millwall's rickety finances. "I have been on the edge of my seat waiting for the players to sign," said Millwall's manager Mick McCarthy after three weeks of talks. "This is a great day for the club."

Yuran, 26, helped Benfica take Arsenal apart in the 1991-92 European Cup and last season was with Porto. But he returned to Spartak, scoring three goals - including the winner at Blackburn - as his team won the Champions' League Group B. Kulkov, 29, was also with Porto and plays in defence or midfield where he is a skilful passer. Some may feel that Yuran was being premature when he said: "We have played for some of the great clubs in Europe but this is the pinnacle of our careers."

But Millwall have trumped many bigger English clubs. "We got the players because we got in early," said Millwall's chairman Peter Mead. "If this doesn't capture the fans' imagination I don't know what will."

## Guardian Crossword No 20,542

Set by Bunthorne



- Across**
- 1 Club for the inky-tongued? (7)
  - 5 Singer's sole motivation once? (7)
  - 9, 11, 14dn, 13, 15dn W-W-Wh-What? Earth's termination hush pained T S Elliot? B-By G-dl (4,2,3,3,3,5,4,3,4,1,4,3,1,7)
  - 10 Was elected contrarily by casting? (5)
  - 11 See 9
  - 12 Artisan's pride: mod cans on Kop-Tiki? (9)
  - 14 Spa's ingenious reversion (5)
  - 15 Dark lady left after gold ring on her finger? (5)
  - 16 Verbal variations from verbalised misadventures (9)
  - 18 Where political lunatics are found with pirates? (9)
- Down**
- 1 See 9
  - 2 Implement improving crofting benefit (5,4,6)
  - 3 Mishkin, I state, was "out to lunch" (9)
  - 4 Defer to king over tug of love reversal (5)
  - 5 Agate as set by Sheridan (3,8)
  - 6 The Spanish and South African bounder (8)
  - 7 Keeping in time (9,6)
  - 8 Kremer's only contribution from the poet-essayist (7)

- 13** See 9  
**14** One jumping to conclusions: that's novel! (3-6)  
**15** See 9  
**17** Someone talking about you? Sounds closet (7)  
**19** Film thus completed of the old empire (5)  
**20** Thus cowboys make short work of task I'm performing (5)

**Solution on Monday**

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15	Other Lives Endless night in the London Underground	17	Interview Paul Verhoven defends his new movie Showgirls	21	Money Finally, lenders loosen the negative equity noose	24	Finance Towering inferno: Lawrence feels the backdraft
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13  
Saturday January 6  
1996

# The Guardian Outlook

**MARTIN WOOLLACOTT** deplores the West's dependence on cheap Saudi oil and the compromises we make to retain it. Below, **RICHARD NORTON-TAYLOR** on the arms makers' inside line to Whitehall

## Crude deals that buy our silence

**A**RMS and appeasement have long been twin themes in Britain's relationship with Saudi Arabia. It was the British gift of German rifles captured from the Turks which first tipped the tribal arms balance in the Arabian peninsula definitively in Ibn Saud's favour during the first world war. And, as soon as the new Saudi state became strong, Britain began to appease it, treating it, an irate Glubb Pasha wrote in 1981, "as if it was the US".

Seventy years after the conquest of Mecca by Saudi forces, Britain is still in the business of supplying arms to the Saudis and its instinctive reflex is still to defer to the demands of Ibn Saud's descendants. Buy it or bury it is the crude principle that almost always animates the Saudi royal family when they encounter any criticism. In this case the Saudis have bought out the British tradition of political refuge, while we have undertaken to bury the offending Mohammed al-Mas'ari away on a remote island.

Dominance, of all places, is supposed to take the dissident who has earned Saudi wrath by his skillful exploitation of the fax machine and his ability to feed the information hunger of a society starved of reliable news. It is a bizarre solution to this particular instance of dependence on the objectionable, difficult, and fragile regime of Saudi Arabia. One has only to imagine the difference had al-Mas'ari been, say, a Syrian, Chinese, or Nigerian dissident to grasp how complete that dependence is.

British dependence on Saudi Arabia, further, is only part of a general western dependence on that strange country, a dependence made worse by the fact that the industrial countries relish any disadvantage suffered by one another in the scramble for Saudi money. In such a situation morality, common sense and the long-term interest of the West as a whole always suffer. It is that overall dependence that is the real scandal, the real problem, and the real difficulty. We have become so familiar with it that the fact that normality in the industrialised world rests on the glass pillar of Saudi Arabia is often forgotten. As Professor Fred

Halliday points out in his new book on the West and Islam "In the late twentieth century, secure and reasonably priced oil is as important a component of stable democratic politics as cheap wheat was in the late nineteenth." Saudi Arabia provides that oil in quantities larger than any other country, so one would think there would be a powerful western interest in the long term stability of that country.

Most people, including most intelligent Saudis — and including some enlightened members of the royal family — believe that such stability can only be achieved through reform. Yet reform is a rarer commodity in Saudi Arabia than water in the desert, and the western pressure that might help bring it rarer still, because the Saudi ruling clan uses its power to purchase near absolute immunity from any form of criticism and from any urging of change.

Words like "feudal," phrases like "desert kingdom," conceal the reality. Saudi Arabia is neither feudal nor a true kingdom. It is an ascendancy of one family and one religious tendency over a patchwork of conquered territories, in all of which still live men and women who remember a time before the Saudis came. It is a modern hybrid made possible when one family and tribal confederation grabbed western military technology before other competing groups and used it more effectively.

Whatever may have been the case in the early days, a family that once rested its claim to pre-eminence on physical toughness, military skills, and religious purity can hardly claim them now. The public morality of the Wahabi code is daily contradicted by the private vices of the prominent. Its critics argue persuasively that most of the royal menfolk these days are ill-educated and self-indulgent. Most of them are greedy, some of them are lawless, many are incompetent holders of government office. The few able and well-intentioned princes hardly make up for the faults of the majority.

The size of the royal clan is such that an estimated 40 to 45 new males are added to it every month, all of them connected, as one British writer on Gulf affairs puts it, that they have a right to win the

National Lottery every year. This cannot be the basis, unamended, of a polity that will survive. Saudi Arabia needs not so much democracy, which is far, far away, as to make a start in that direction by disciplining the royal clan, and giving a degree of political participation to the educated and the merchant class.

The Saudi regime has retained its appetite for military technology, but long after the rationale for it has departed. The expensive weaponry the Saudis have bought from the United States, France, and from Britain under the al-Yamamah deal, is essentially useless. The Gulf war showed that Saudi Arabia did not have the capacity to defend itself except with American help. With all its money, it lacks the population base to be in the same military league with powers like Iraq, Iran, or Egypt.

In the event of internal rebellion, the need would be for infantry and armoured cars. The tanks and warplanes would be largely irrelevant in such a situation unless one envisages, as some do, elements of the armed forces fighting one another in a civil war.

The main function of this arms trade, which soaks up so much of Saudi wealth, however, is something different. It is a pay-off for western passivity, argue critics of the regime like Said E. Aburish, whose book *The Rise, Corruption and Coming Fall Of The House Of Saud* caused ructions inside and outside Saudi Arabia when first published in 1994.

Saudi Arabia survives as it is because it pays off its western backers with, first of all, cheap oil and then with the huge arms, construction and other contracts for which the western countries so nakedly contend. This transaction, therefore, is not so much about arms, bridges, or telephone exchanges but about the immunity of the Saudi regime from western criticism and pressure on the one hand and the West's need for money on the other.

In the case of the Americans, Saudi Arabia is also seen as vital to that overall American dominance in the Middle East which has become so complete since 1989. In addition, the Americans calculate that Saudi Arabia must be kept sweet so that it can be



Tending the golden goose... a British engineer services a Tornado aircraft in Saudi Arabia  
PHOTOGRAPH: TOM STODDARD/AGATZ

brought in to cement any Arab-Israeli settlement with money and diplomatic recognition.

Thus it is that whenever the Saudis squeeze, something almost invariably gives in the West. Democratic countries who ought to be urging change not only do not do so but they even try to silence, as Britain is trying to do, Saudi critics abroad who have broken no laws. Crown Prince Abdullah bin Abdul Aziz, who has recently taken over because of the illness of King Fahd, has the reputation of being a decent man who may even try to introduce some reforms. But those who remember that Fahd himself came to the throne with a reforming reputation are not holding their breath.

On the other hand it would be foolish to argue that Saudi Arabia is close to some great crisis. The Suddelris, the branch of the royal family who now hold most power, have their differences but seem likely to hold together. The opposition is divided and less than formidable. The car bombing of the American military office in Riyadh in November is not comparable in seriousness to the occupation of the Grand Mosque in 1979, or to some of the military rebellions of earlier years.

The educated classes are angry with the princes but not to the point of risking the chaos which radical political change might bring. The religious are divided but still mainly endorse Saudi rule. The location of oil in the east-

ern parts of the country means that other, historically restive, regions see the unity of a state they otherwise resent as vital. To some degree, the whole society has been compromised and co-opted. So the regime does have time — but the question is whether it is capable of using it.

The real weight of al-Mas'ari as an opposition figure is hard to measure. But what he has demonstrated is that there is a front on which the regime is open to challenge. He has countered the extraordinary Saudi dominance of the Arab press, much of which they own outright and nearly all of which they are playing to their fantasies and to their endless procrastination. The Consultative

Council urged on Feisal by President Kennedy in 1963 took 30 years to materialise and then only in diluted form. Yet if the Saudi regime meets disaster at some future point, both the West and the Arab world would suffer. The Americans may trust to their military capacity in the Gulf to set things right but it may not be so easy to do so.

The problem is that Saudi Arabia needs to reform and is unlikely to do so unless there is western pressure. Yet this understanding always gives way before the reality of Saudi money and power and the competitiveness of western countries who are both its patrons and its clients. This is the vicious circle that the case of Mohammed al-Mas'ari so distastefully illustrates.

Arms companies enjoy a uniquely privileged relationship with the intelligence agencies, the Ministry of Defence, and the Foreign Office. The Government spends more than 10 times as much procuring arms sales as it does civil exports.

In 1989 it earmarked £294 million from the aid budget to Malaysia's Pergau dam project. The origins of the decision, subsequently ruled unlawful by the High Court, lay in Margaret Thatcher's promise to provide money for the economically questionable project when she was negotiating an arms deal with Malaysia worth £1.3 billion. Per capita aid to Indonesia has more than quadrupled over the past 15 years in spite of that country's relative wealth and its con-

### The weapons that cost British taxpayers an arm and a leg



**J**OHAN MAJOR's administration, like its predecessors, is obsessed with selling British weapons abroad. It has distorted its own human rights guidelines to sell arms to lucrative, mainly Middle East and Asian, markets. It has manipulated official criteria covering aid to persuade foreign governments to buy British weapons. It has tasked MIB and GCHQ to watch out for promising arms deals before they go to Executive, mainly Middle East and Asian, markets. It has even provided secret intelligence to countries, including Saudi Arabia, hoping for rewards in the shape of weapons deals.

Deal makers: Mrs Thatcher and Saudi Arabia's King Fahd in 1987

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tinuing occupation of East Timor — but at a time Malaysia agreed to buy British Aerospace Hawk aircraft with the prospect (recently realised) of further deals.

In 1985, Thatcher signed the unprecedented oil-for-arms al-Yamamah deal with Saudi Arabia, worth £2 billion a year. A National Audit

Continued on Page 15

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# Mr Blair feeds the tigers

ACCORDING to a recent poll, 99 per cent of City investment institutions expect Labour to form the next government. So, it increasingly seems, do 100 per cent of the world's political and business leaders. The red carpet is being rolled out for Tony Blair in Japan and Singapore this week because foreign governments and corporations — not to mention our own diplomats — want to get to know the man they all expect to be at Number 10 before long.

Politics is an unforgiving business, so every increase in interest in Mr Blair contrasts with an equivalent decrease in attention to John Major. Indeed it sometimes seems at the moment as though not just Britain but also the outside world has decided that the next general election is a foregone conclusion. Mr Major is increasingly regarded as a lame duck leader who is serving out his time: no one wants to be nasty to him because no one really takes him seriously. On the other hand Mr Blair is increasingly treated as the prime minister-elect everyone wants to lobby him and the most unlikely audiences listen atten-

tively to what he has to say.

It is worth pointing out that this parliament still has 17 months to run before either of these assumptions can be vindicated. Mr Blair is as aware of this cold fact as anyone. That is one of the reasons why he has been very sparing with his overseas visits since becoming Labour leader. So Mr Blair's trip to the Far East is significant in two ways: first for the message which he is now seeking to send to the domestic electorate, and second for the choice of the countries he is visiting. The object of the exercise is to show British voters that Labour is solidly preparing for government, while the choice of Japan and Singapore reflects the desire to show the world — and especially the business world — that Labour is a party fully in touch with the global economic change now being generated from the Pacific rim.

Yet it would be a mistake to assume that Mr Blair is making a pilgrimage to the Pacific simply to pay uncritical respects to the so-called Asian model of political economy which has become such a fashionable cult in some right-wing circles. The speech which he gave to the Keidanren in Tokyo yesterday and the speeches he will be making over the next two days before returning to London are anything but a grovel towards a system which, in any case, is too easily caricatured here as economic prosperity in return for social discipline.

Mr Blair's Tokyo speech may have stressed that Labour does not intend to dismantle many of the economic and labour market reforms of the past 17 years. It may have raised traditionalist

eyebrows by describing Labour as "the party of business". But its view of the world was totally distinctive from that of any current Conservative. The speech stressed the role of government as an investor and equipper, rather than as a deregulator and a disengaged laissez-faire neutral. And it said that prosperity and fairness can only be built on the basis of social cohesion rather than social division. In Singapore he is expected to go further, emphasising the central role of government as a "stakeholder" in ensuring the necessary public trust in economic expansion. This is a very different explanation of the world, and of government's role within it, from any that can be plausibly offered by any Conservative.

No speech by any politician can bring about economic change. But Mr Blair's speech in Tokyo is one of the clearest statements he has yet offered about Labour economic thinking, one which challenges any who resist it to put forward their alternative with equal honesty and clarity. At its heart is the conviction that Labour has to accept the reality of globalisation and to work with it, rather than to set itself vaguely against it and espouse some level of protectionism. Everything else follows from this — the importance of stability, the avoidance of macro-economic risk-taking, the setting of investment priorities, and the necessary but new role of government in economic management and regulation. Mr Blair is setting the pace. He is undoubtedly learning from the Pacific nations — but he has increasingly got some lessons from them too.

# The silencing of Al Mas'ari

THE PARALLEL world of Britain's defence establishment is hard to penetrate. The chaps follow one another through revolving doors marked government, industry or one of the three services in soberly clad anonymity. Just occasionally a little light is shed on the way that this cosy mafia operates and its influential connections extend into the intelligence world. The confidential memorandum from Sir Colin Chandler, chief executive of Vickers and formerly Britain's chief arms salesman, is a document worth studying as much for what it tells us about the exotic culture of this government as for the specific light which it sheds upon the Mohammed Al-Mas'ari affair.

Mr Mas'ari was deported from Britain, we were told again yesterday by the Home Secretary with the same candour as his minister Ann Widdecombe on the previous day, in order to protect "commercial links" with Saudi Arabia. This, in the Guardian's view, also stated yesterday, is tantamount to giving in to blackmail. Whatever the view, the directors of those arms industries making money out of selling weapons to Saudi Arabia would have been expected to express concern to the Government about the effect of Mr Mas'ari's campaigning on their profitable relationship with the Saudi royal family. But the memorandum goes far further, revealing a degree

of intimacy between the arms manufacturers, government officials (including senior diplomats) and intelligence agencies which is both incestuous and dangerous.

Vickers and British Aerospace, by this account, were not merely engaged in presenting a case to ministers and civil servants on behalf of their own commercial interests. They were engaged in a concerted effort to silence Mr Mas'ari with the apparent full cooperation of the Foreign Office as well as with British intelligence and the CIA. They were acting on behalf of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia and his brother the defence minister in an attempt to silence Saudi dissidents. It was deemed quite in order for the head of a British industry in the private sector to offer advice to the British government on a matter of extreme diplomatic sensitivity — how to deal with the defecting son-in-law of Saddam Hussein. Sir Colin's proposal got a quick and positive response from the British ambassador-to-be in Riyadh. The "material" gained from this Iraqi war criminal, it appears, was used in an unsuccessful attempt to appease Saudi royal outrage at Mr Mas'ari.

What the document reveals is a type of presumptuous behaviour which makes nonsense of democratic accountability. Vickers and BAE should stick to selling their lethal goods and leave policy to the elected government. As a sinister footnote we note the regret expressed that "direct Saudi intervention" against Mr Mas'ari would be "difficult". At least he was safe in Britain, or so we hope, from having a limb amputated.

# What is this thing called rage?

Random violence committed by 'ordinary' people is a growing phenomenon. DUNCAN CAMPBELL looks for the roots of their anger



When people are stabbed in a supermarket in Birmingham. Four more are attacked in a Job Centre in Bexleyheath. The events strike home — if that is the right word — because they suggest that Nowhere Are You Safe. You go to find a job so that you can go shopping and someone goes berserk. You go shopping anyway and someone runs amok. The attacks come at a time when the police are calling for the issuing of pepper sprays or CS gas to protect them from random violence. So what is this thing called rage?

The extremes of Birmingham and Bexleyheath complement a perception, shared by most people who live in cities or drive regularly on motorways, that there is now a lot of "rage" around, that the stories we used to read about Americans shooting each other because of an argument in a petrol station are now being re-enacted in the UK.

"Road rage" has become the most popular concept of these sudden explosions but we have also heard of "trolley rage" — violent fights over queues in supermarkets; "golf rage" — violent arguments over players playing too slowly and any other rage you want to stick a prefix on during a quiet news day.

We are not talking about mentally disturbed people who have been released into what is euphemistically called "the community". It is not about hoodlums carrying switch-blades so that they can relieve people of their watches; it is not about Saturday night head-buttings outside the Dog and Duck; and it is not about men with unimaginative tattoos slashing their knives in their Range Rovers in Essex.

"Rage rage" is about a normally passive person's sudden inability to restrain himself or herself from violence either physically or very quite out of proportion to the provocation. It is, as Horace described anger, a *furor brevis*, a brief madness. Since Horace was

writing before Christ was born he had, presumably, not seen Michael Douglas in the film *Falling Down* but he would have recognised that brief madness which drove a "normal" man to violence sparked off by a traffic jam on a hot day.

The reason we are so alarmed by it is because it is seen as un-British. Of the words we have used above to describe what happens, "berserk" is Icelandic, "amok" is Malay. Britain never really found the concept of an Angry Brigade very frightening because they didn't believe that people in this country got that angry. You queued for the bus, you smiled at the check-out woman, you waited your turn

to enter the crowded train, you let the car on to the roundabout in front of you. Now apparently mild-mannered people are cracking all over the place.

But it has not happened overnight. In 1984, a committee was set up under the chairmanship of the Health and Safety Executive to consider the problem of increasing violence faced by staff in contact with the public. The Tavistock Institute produced a study, *Violence To Staff by Barry Poyner and Caroline Waine*, back in 1986. It looked at the problems faced by staff working in public transport, the health and welfare services and also teaching and housing

at the service's failure to deliver.

In 1988, a more specific study by Barry Poyner, Barry Webb and Robin Meakin explored violence in benefit offices in a report called *Aggressive Behaviour by Claimants*. It concluded that "violence is not caused by mindless hoodlums who go about being indiscriminately violent." The people who became enraged, it found, were frustrated at obtaining the benefit or services they expected. They also found that the more barriers that were erected between staff and claimants, the higher the tension and the greater risk of violence. Which places the staff in the invidious position of knowing that if they protect

themselves, they run the risk of provoking violence and if they don't, they run the risk of suffering violence.

The report recommended honesty so that people had no false expectations and a "friendly attitude" towards claimants. Both of which are easier to recommend than to implement. But no recommendations can prepare us for the sudden explosion that is the accumulation of a dozen frustrations that have taken place elsewhere before the final confrontation.

One lesson for anyone seeking to understand rage would be to visit the depot in north London run by Camden council where cars are taken after they have been removed from

the West End for parking offences. The officers, who have the hunted look of people who have been sitting for too long in a trench under heavy artillery bombardment, work behind a barricade because of the rage of those whose cars have been removed. In contrast, the next door warehouse, which houses regular all-night raves, is an object lesson in the pacific qualities of such entertainments. Yet the people arriving for their cars are almost all richer, older and more "respectable" than those attending the raves. And still they rage.

Barrie Irving, the director of the Police Foundation and a psychologist, believes that one reason we see more of the rage is because of a general level of uncertainty through the change in the labour market and the increase in the disparity between the rich and poor. This leads, he believes, to frustrations which explode in violence. There are other reasons — a breakdown of accepted forms of discipline, a society which does not have a common ground on what is acceptable, anomie.

At the same time, the people who are the butt of such attacks are less prepared for them than in the past. Barrie Irving suggests that a previous generation of police officers could spot the signs of impending rage because they had learned to deal with 50 drunk dockers on a Liverpool waterfront without having to resort to force, not least because they had no radio anyway. Now we tend to look for an instant solution of which the pepper spray is an obvious and understandable example.

Criminologist Betsy Stanke, the author of *Everyday Violence*, who is currently attached to the Institute of Criminology in Cambridge, believes that some of the rage can be traced to the economic situation: "If we're employed, we're overworked and, if we're not, we're poor. People are on the edge, what they call in America one psych check away from poverty."

Everyone is familiar with a child's rage. Often it is a rage of sheer frustration that he or she is unable to do what they desire, or a sudden thwarting of their wishes. What we are now seeing is a similar child-like rage from people who cannot play with their cars the way they want to but also from people who feel increasingly trapped in their jobs. A few people have tried to avoid it by quietly leaving the system and becoming New Age travellers. Others remain and smoulder. New Rage travellers.

# Rattling the bars



Ian Aitken

NOT being much of a television addict, I haven't watched many of the booze and banking serials which purport to tell us what our MPs get up to when they aren't (in the words of the old cockney song) "passing lons to put daan crime". But my interest was aroused when I learned that the latest in the genre is to be called Annie's Bar.

Now, Annie's Bar is one of those Westminster establishments to which this column owes its name. It was present at its opening in 1995 — a ceremony conducted by Ted Heath, the then leader of the opposition, in the presence of Captain Robert Maxwell MP, then chairman of the Commons' catering committee. The mind boggles at the amount of time I spent in its claustrophobic precincts during the subsequent quarter of a century — strictly in the line of duty, you understand.

In fact, the ceremony was a re-opening rather than an opening, since there had been an Annie's Bar before the war. Presided over by a lady called Annie, its door opened virtually into the members' lobby. Just off the chamber. It was one place where reporters could meet MPs on equal terms, but it was wrecked along with the rest of the Commons facilities by Hitler's bombs.

Atlee's chief whip after the war — when MPs moved back into their rebuilt quarters — was a stern teetotaler called Willie Whiteley (not to be confused with a far-from-teetotal Conservative with a somewhat similar name). Whiteley held that boozing in Annie's Bar had been the ruin of many Labour MPs, including "Uncle" Arthur Greenwood, the deputy leader, so he vetoed any idea of re-opening it.

It wasn't until Maxwell

became the catering supremo that the appeals of lobby correspondents for a new Annie's Bar were taken seriously. It therefore represents virtually the only benign legacy of Cap'n Bob, and explains why he was less unpopular with parliamentary journalists than with the rest of the human race when he fell off that boat.

Mind you, Whiteley had a point. I can think of at least two enormously promising Labour backbenchers, plus a revered ex-minister, who destroyed themselves in Annie's Bar. On the other hand, I once saw a Tory MP tumble backwards off one of its bar stools, sustaining such a severe bang on the head that he gave up the drink forever. He remained in the Commons for years, a wiser but a duller man.

ONE man who made much use of Annie's was Walter Harrison, the jovial but sensible deputy chief whip who did more than most ministers in the late 1970s to piece together the convoluted deals which sustained Jim Callaghan's minority government in office. Quite a lot of those deals were sealed over a glass or two in Annie's with Walter's Tory opposite number, John Stradling Thomas.

Memories of Walter Harrison were revived during the progress of that ludicrous pre-Christmas libel action which turned party on whether a Tory MP who shared a hotel bed with another man was or was not a homosexual. The members of the jury decided that he was. Walter should have told them his story of an all-party Commons delegation in the South Seas, when the visitors were faced with a shortage of beds on one tiny island. After drawing lots, a luckless but heterosexual Labour MP found himself sharing a double bed with a frightfully grand Tory knight.

Next morning the Labour MP came down to breakfast looking like death. He explained to Harrison that his sleeping partner had snored thunderously all night, and he had been unable to get a wink of sleep.

"I'll fix that, lad," said Walter. "Just you swap with me tonight." When he came down next day looking thoroughly well-slept, his benefactor enquired how he'd done it. "Easy," said Harrison. "As soon as the light was off I leaned across and said, 'Come on Sir Jasper, give us cuddle'. He didn't snore once."

# Smallweed



WHO DO YOU think said this about the case of Mohammed al-Mas'ari? "The right of asylum, if it is to mean anything, cannot depend on the commercial interest of the nation in which it is sought."

We should not inquire into a refugee's opinion, merely defend his or her right to express it. The Government... should not blur matters when faced with a potentially costly, but none the less clear, issue of pure principle." Was it (a) the official spokesman of the Labour Party? (b) a Telegraph leader? (c) the Marquess of Vauvenargues? Answer at end of column.

WHEREAS last week he was forced to rely on conjecture, Smallweed is now equipped with a list of the heights of all American presidents from Washington (6ft 2in) to Reagan (6ft 1in). I have yet to get my hands on Bush or Clinton, but neither's a budget. Of 41 office holders, 18 were six-footers, which is quite a lot of tall presidents. Just one failed to reach 5ft 6in during his term of office: this was Madison,

who at 5ft 4in was a whole foot shorter than Lincoln. I gather all this from a book called *Facts About The Presidents* by a fact-fanatic called Joseph Nathan Keane. The book even runs to last words, from Washington ("It is well") to Kennedy ("My God, I've been hit"). Madison said: "I always talk better lying down", and Warren Harding, whose wife was reading to him: "That's good. Go on; read some more". John Adams, the second president, expired on July 4 with the words "Thomas Jefferson still survives", which wasn't true, since unknown to him, Jefferson had died just before him.

SMALLWEED cannot get out of his mind a sign he saw over the holidays outside a railway station. "The last train" it announced "will not run tonight." How could this

ever be true? If, for example, the 11.45pm was cancelled, the 11.15pm which preceded it would have automatically become the last train.

There is none the less a glimmer of hope in this statement for the future of English cricket, which has suffered so badly in recent times from the failure of its number three batsmen (apart from Robin Smith in the first innings of the Test just ended) to score many runs. The answer is clear: from now on, England should take the field without a number three batsman. If by "last train" the authorities really mean the last scheduled train, then "number three batsman" needs only to mean "scheduled number three batsman". A team sheet could then be provided listing at number three someone who couldn't possibly play — Emma Nicholson, perhaps,

or the Marquess of Vauvenargues. The subsequent announcement that England's number three bat would not after all be playing would allow number four to bat number three without this cloud hanging over him. It might even, who knows, be the saving of Mark Ramprakash.

SOMEONE who might have made number three in the present England team is P A Gibb, the tale of whose curious life in cricket and after is briefly told by Kit Bartlett in number 28 of the Association of Cricket Statisticians and Historians' *Famous Cricketers series* (3 Radcliffe Road, West Bridgford, Notts LE4). Paul Gibb was a public school batsman-wicketkeeper who first caught the eye at Cambridge, where he missed four out of 12 terms by playing cricket abroad but made

a century in the 1938 Varsity match. Having had the good sense to be born in Yorkshire, he was called up in 1935 and made a hundred the first time he batted. Though unable to hold a place in the county side he was picked for the 1938-39 tour of South Africa, where, opening the innings in the first Test because Hutton was injured, he made 93 and 106, and stayed in the side for the series.

After the war, though again appearing only sporadically for his county, he played two Tests against India and went on the 1946-47 tour of Australia. Yet he then disappeared from the game, and worked for four years in a gentlemen's outfitter. Then in 1951, Essex, short of a wicketkeeper, searched him out and recruited him as a professional, and he kept his place in the side until 1955, the year of his 42nd birthday.

Later he took up umpiring; later still he worked for a time in Harrods and then as a bus driver in Surrey (particularly, says Bartlett, on route 273, Guildford to Shamley Green). There he died quite suddenly, at the bus garage, while booking in for the early shift. What a melancholy story! And, what a shame that the great J L Carr never got to write a book on him.

ALAN DELL (Smallweed last week) dealt in big bands, not in Hundred Best Tunes: that was Alan Keith. I'm sorry, and thanks to all who've pointed it out.

IN THE COURSE of some musings on Europe in Thursday's Telegraph, Boris Johnson demurred those who say that if EMU is inevitable, Britain needs to support it — "as though you could derive an ought from

an is". But deriving an ought from an is frequently makes good sense. Smallweed fondly recalls a stroll with young Boris in a rough Alpine ravine, in the course of which hulking great rocks started tumbling down towards us. "This is a landslide!" cried Smallweed. "We ought to get out of the way!" "Nonsense" Boris retorted. "You are trying to derive an ought from an is." At which point — as Smallweed scolded to safety — a nasty big boulder fell smack on the top of Boris's handsome young head. Which no doubt explains some of the curious views he now propagates.

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# I blame the pinko Tory wets, myself



Martin Kettle

WHEN they come to write the story of the collapse of the Conservative Party — for that collapse now seems inescapable — who will the historians blame in the same way they blamed Peel for the

déclat of a century and a half ago? There will certainly be no lack of suspects in this Tory whodunnit. John Major, for hanging on too long? Michael Heseltine, for letting him? Or perhaps Michael Portillo, for incessantly wounding without ever having the ability to kill? There is a case that each is the guilty man. But then, of course, there is also the guilty woman. In this inquest, *cherchez la femme* leads irresistibly to the case against Margaret Thatcher, whom 1980s revisionism no longer casts as a brilliantly innovative Tory leader, but increasingly as an ultimately disastrous one. Here too there will be a bulky dossier.

I blame Ted Heath, and close behind him Willie Whitelaw. For if ever one politician and his principal lieutenant got things disastrously wrong at a decisive moment, it was these two veterans in 1974. Twenty years on Heath and Whitelaw can now be seen as the true investigators of the implosion of liberal Toryism which has caused the Conservative Party's present march to the scaffold. If awards were given for political misjudgments with dire long-term consequences, then Heath's decision not to resign the Conservative leadership after his third defeat in four contests with Harold Wilson, would be hard to beat. Great effects flowed from that obstinate and characteristic

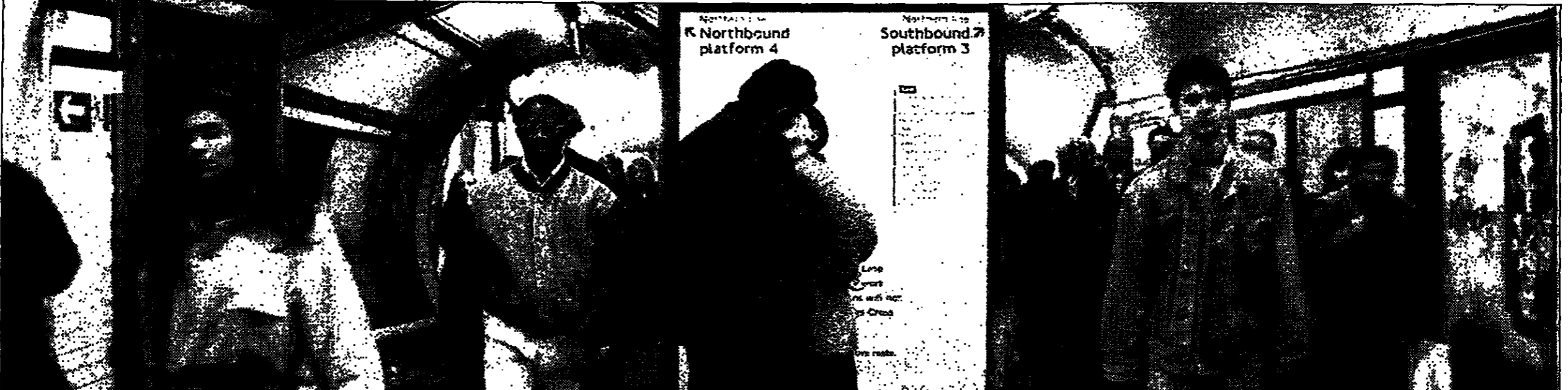
error. It meant that leaving Tory alternatives to Heath were unable to declare themselves. It gave Thatcher the opportunity which she then so confidently seized. But if Heath was obstinate in hanging on, Whitelaw was also utterly misguided in encouraging him to do so. As the front runner and easily the most probable leaving successor in the mid-1970s, Whitelaw had a wider responsibility to one-nation Toryism at this critical moment which he flunked, with catastrophic consequences for the ideas which he believes in to this day. This may seem a rather distant and obscure episode to highlight at a time when the Conservatives are hastening towards their end without any very significant contribution from either the 79-year-old Heath or the 77-year-old Whitelaw. But the logic of it is vitally important. We inevitably tend to blame the present predicament of the party on the lunacies and obsessions of the Tory right, and not without good reason.

But what about the failures of the Tory left? With honourable exceptions, pre-eminently Ian Gilmour and the embittered Heath, the traditional Tory left, which had dominated the Conservative Party since the second world war, rolled over and surrendered in the face of the right. In retrospect it is even more astonishing that such a well-placed and entrenched set of policies and politicians were so outmanoeuvred by the Thatcherites. Yet between 1979 and 1983 the ideas and instincts which had sustained the party through long and successful periods in office proved useless. From time to time a senior minister — Walker, Pym, Heseltine, Patten — would deliver a cryptic sigh of unhappiness about the dangers of social division, vulgarity or excessive radicalism. But there was a comprehensive failure to sustain and then to reconstruct a coherent project for recapturing the party. That failure stalks the collapsing party to this day. Just

as Whitelaw put party loyalty, first to Heath and then to Heath's successor, above ideas and principles, so 30 years later the Tory left still continues to cringe rather than confront the destructive designs of the right. Part of the problem is still Heath himself, who even today is a looming and counter-productive protagonist in party affairs. But where are the younger champions of social cohesion and the beneficent role of the state? At least Alan Howarth bravely argued his case before quitting, but Emma Nicholson and many other liberal Tories like her are masters of not having the argument and thus losing it.

BY THIS same yardstick the most culpable front-line Conservative politician in Britain today is Kenneth Clarke. As the most able liberal Tory of the generation after Heseltine, Clarke ought to have a project for ultimately reuniting the party under his leadership. We know he wants the top job,

because he has said so whenever anyone asks him. But where is Clarke's alternative? The Chancellor has failed to come up with a new story for post-Thatcher Toryism and to build a regiment of allies who can drive him to the leadership. When it comes to it, the Tory left is just what Thatcher dubbed long ago "wet". They want a centre-ground Tory party dedicated to the constitution, the Union, benevolent capitalism and Europe. But they don't know how to get from here to there. Thatcherism undermined and to some extent destroyed those Tory pillars, but the left does not know what to replace them with or how to do it. They delude themselves into thinking that frustrating the right is the same as advancing the left, when patently it is not. That was the great failing of the early wets in the first Thatcher cabinet and they paid the price. But it still happens today. The left was delighted when Portillo was moved to Defence because they thought he was margina-



From morning kiss (above) to peak crush and late night clinch (below), GARY YOUNGE hits the Tube as Londoners face disruption and higher fares. Photographs: SEAN SMITH

## Tunnel vision beneath the city

IT IS a very strange place, London's Underground. Overcrowded, overpriced and underfunded, it is a metaphor for the nation's capital — a vast melting pot with the potential for lots of fun in interesting company: tramps who wet themselves; flirtatious encounters with complete strangers; a man who holds his breath between stops just to see if he can; the drunk businessman who projectile vomits over the sober businessman at about 11.30pm on the Piccadilly line, only to go back to sleep, ignorant of the chaos he has created. I spent a whole day on the Tube, from 5.30 one morning to 1.20 the next, only coming up occasionally for food and air, going all the way on the Bakerloo, looping the loop on the Circle and venturing down south on the Victoria. Take one of the first Northern line trains from south London and you will stare into the black faces and red eyes of Nigerians and West Indians. Most are on their way to cleaning and catering jobs in the City. A few will still be drifting in and out of sleep. Until about midday, most passengers can be categorised by their newspapers and clothes. Before about 7.30am everyone reading a paper — about a third — has a tabloid. Most are dressed casually (some with hobnail boots) or in a regulation polyester uniform. After that if not in a suit and not male you are likely to be nudged and pushed around as though invisible. By about 8.15am everybody has a suit, and usually a broadsheet newspaper. A few women who have seats, compacts and steady



hands are expertly applying lipstick. The smell of fresh aftershave, perfume and deodorant lingers. Travellers on all the lines — from the Central's well-heeled west London suburbanites and hardcore eastenders to the Piccadilly's tourists — are bracing themselves for more than joggling carriages. Tomorrow prices will jump by an average of 5 per cent, with the highest at around 14 per cent, with London Transport warning of further increases. And, it was announced on Thursday, closures of sections of the Bakerloo, Northern, East London and City & Waterloo services for essential work during some of next year. My six-zone one-day travel card bought at Clapham Common cost £3.80; a 30 per cent increase in real terms on 1984's cost, according to the Capital Transport Campaign, a watchdog group. It is a daily reminder of why London is the most expensive capital in Europe for public transport and the third most expensive place in the world after New York and Tokyo, according to the campaign's figures. The commuters disappear shortly after 10am, to be followed by another wave of people who jump in front of trains. A London Underground report says most people who commit suicide in this way do it between 10am and 4pm. The profile of the most likely jumper is a man between the age of 15 and 34, who jumps in the spring. For a while after noon most travellers are tourists and students — young people in jeans and trainers carrying books. Most are seated and reading. Talk is conducted in hushed

tones. Around three o'clock this tranquillity is shattered as children leaving school turn the Tube into a rolling, subterranean adventure playground. They jump between carriages, show off new dance steps, swing from the handrails and scream profanities at each other. Everyone over 17 winces then tries another lap and describe in detail the type of sexual favours she could perform. The man sat for two stops, petrified and clearly praying that the next stop would be theirs. He finally changed carriage. Pleased with their tyranny the girls laughed and looked about for another victim. I was the only other person in the carriage. Fortunately, a boy from the same school got his head caught in the doors, which diverted their attention. I wonder what it would take to make Tube travellers jump to each other's rescue. It is a question that was partly answered earlier this year when the London Evening Standard newspaper sent two professional actors on to the tube with two journalists and a photographer to act out a series of six incidents of sexual harassment. At a given signal the journalists would interrupt to find out what people were thinking. Once, nobody intervened. In the remaining five incidents, two people who went to aid the female victim were foreign. Those who had looked on gave excuses such as "If I had got involved he might have started threatening me," and "It's not my business, but I felt embarrassed for her." One woman said: "I just wanted him to stop talking. People should not talk on the Tube. It was stopping me from reading my paper." Little wonder that the number of indecent assaults has increased by 300 per cent in the past 10 years, even if assaults on passengers and staff have dropped by about 40 per cent. Shortly after four I came up for air and literally bumped into Matthew, who was begging until the police moved him on. Matthew had fallen through the increasingly large holes in Britain's social safety net and landed in King's Cross. "Wankers," he said of the police who were still standing right behind him. "And they're usually all right, you know. I don't know why they're like that today. I don't understand what I've done to make them move me on. Never mind, I'm quite happy really. I just managed to get to the hospital and get my stuff out." He showed me a large black bin bag of his belongings. He had left them in a homeless persons' hostel four months ago. Since then he had mostly been wearing the same clothes. "I really needed to change my trousers; I had to wear the last pair for six weeks running," he said and dug out some denim trousers that once resembled trousers. They were rancid, caked with blood, hardened grime and stinking of urine and stale, stave sweat which together reached a new dimension in bad smells. I let him get back to work. It is 5pm. The "suits" are coming back but this time they look very different. The rush is far less intense. They are still impatient but, with no deadline for getting home, they are less angry. For the first time in the day lots of people are talking. On the way to Epping Forest on the Central line are two middle-aged women, bags on laps. "You'll never guess what some idiot did last week?" said one. "What?" said the other. "He only went and killed himself didn't he." "Oh I don't know... I mean don't these people think about the drivers?" "Don't they think about the mess?" From 6pm until the very last Tube the average age of the traveller seems to drop by about five years every hour. Trains going into the centre are now full of pub and theatre-goers and people visiting friends. Women have started to wear make-up again, more and more people are travelling in couples — a few are kissing, and with alcohol there is a lot of animated chatting. The handful who are stoned are easy to pick out — they have red eyes and can giggle for 20 minutes without saying a word. Tubes heading for the suburbs are ferrying the "suits" home after a few drinks. As the evening goes on those on their own who will nod off and then jump up with fear in their bloodshot eyes that they have missed their stop. BACK in the centre, the clubbers are coming. It is the middle of winter, yet one man has a thick coat over a pair of tight leather shorts which look sprayed on. One woman is in pinstripe shorts, black tights and a leopard-print top hat. Things are reasonably quiet until suddenly the madness of the licensing laws takes effect — unleashing thousands of drunk people on to the streets at exactly the same time. At Tottenham Court Road a few men who think they are drinking are shouting obscenities which prompts an exodus of women and makes everybody else nervous. An announcement on the tannoy, difficult to decipher, says the next train has been delayed. "The driver is a wanker," chant the two drunks. Another man drops kicks the chocolate machine. A few couples near me who have been waiting for some time, decide they will brave the cold and try to get a bus instead. By 12.30am the clubbers are dancing and the suits are in bed, leaving only a smattering of night-shift workers and those who have found a bar with a late licence or have been visiting friends. It is 1.30am. Two people in my carriage are reading the early editions of the next day's papers while the others are snoozing. Nobody says a word. In just over four hours it will start all over again.

## The cost of our arms

Continued from Page 13  
Office report on the deal, including references to reports of alleged "kickbacks", has been suppressed. That same year Thatcher signed a £270 million Jordan defence package at a time when the Government knew Jordan was a conduit for British arms sales to Iraq. The lengths to which the Thatcher government went to sell weapons and arms-making equipment to Iraq, without informing Parliament, were brutally exposed by the Scott inquiry. For Whitehall, Iraq was the "big-

prise", one that could not be ignored despite Saddam Hussein's grotesque abuse of human rights, including the gassing of Iraqi Kurds. "I doubt if there is any future market of such a scale anywhere where the UK is potentially so well placed if we play our diplomatic hand correctly, nor can I think of any major market where the importance of diplomacy is so great on our commercial position." William Waldegrave noted when he was Foreign Office minister in 1986. Waldegrave later told the

Scott inquiry that Britain was one of the world's biggest arms exporters. He added: "There is in this country a certain ambivalence... People want the jobs but they do not always want to think about them. Whenever Mrs Thatcher (sic) or Mr Major comes back, having battled for Britain and won a great deal, everyone says 'Hooraay! They are heroes on the front page.' It was a point not lost on Labour MPs who are acutely aware that it is easy to shout about the immorality of arms

deals, but not so easy to see the jobs of their constituents being threatened. Labour's front bench has recently begun to address itself more seriously to the issue of job conversion, away from the arms industry. "No other sector of UK industry is as successful in the international market place" than arms, said Roger Freeman, the public service minister, when he was minister for defence procurement last year. Yet the World Development Movement, a leading Third World campaigning

group, has unearthed a huge undeclared bill paid by British taxpayers for British weapons exported to countries which are either rich or have an appalling human rights record, and sometimes both. It found that at least £384 million a year — a fifth of the total value of British arms exports — is paid by the British taxpayer, not by foreign governments buying the weapons. In each of the five years up to 1985, the Export Credits Guarantee Department (ECGD) had to pay out some £250 million to foot the

bill for unpaid arms sales. The figures question the Government's claim that arms exports sustain 100,000 jobs in an industry which — despite the MoD's rhetoric — over the past decade has accounted for only 1.7 per cent of total British average annual exports. Sixty per cent of ECGD guarantees devoted to arms sales were accounted for by the Middle East, notably Kuwait, Oman and Saudi Arabia, according to the ECGD's latest annual report. Saudi Arabia in 1984 was top of the table for

ECGD business, and is now in second place after China. In 1988, Britain agreed to a £450 million export credit allocation to cover arms sales to Saudi Arabia — the biggest ever recorded for arms to one country in any one year. A Tory MP warned yesterday of the dangers of being so beholden to one particular country, or even regime, as he recalled Britain's investment in the Shah of Iran before he was overthrown in 1979. "In the end," he said, "you make it worse for yourself."



# Is a bypass a dead end?

I WAS delighted to see that the Guardian now accepts there is only one argument against the Newbury bypass which you believe has any weight (Protest branches out, G2, January 2). This is that, according to Friends of the Earth, "most of the traffic is local" and "the bypass will at first have only a marginal effect, and by 2002 traffic levels will be back to where they are now."

Friends of the Earth base their argument on surveys which they admit were carried out before the M40 extension from Oxford to Birmingham was built. Anyone who has lived in Newbury knows what a huge difference it made. Many more long-distance lorry-drivers then decided that the road through the centre of our town had suddenly become the preferable route.

Moreover, even Friends of the Earth's own graphs show that traffic will drop by a third immediately after the bypass is built. Most of this fall-off is HGVs, whose pollutant effect (noise, fumes per mile, road space taken up, etc) is three to five times that of a car. The bypass will therefore remove at least 50 per cent of the pollution suffered by Newbury. The remaining vehicles, no longer stuck in Newbury's notorious traffic jams, will themselves produce far less pollution. David Rendel MP, Co-chairman, Newbury Bypass Forum, House of Commons, London SW1A 0AA.

reduce congestion in the centre for, at most, nine years. The best solution, both financially and environmentally, is to tackle traffic congestion directly.

Oxford successfully prevented a bypass across Christ Church meadow through the introduction of bus lanes, park and rides, etc. This alternative needs to be grasped now before this national treasure of our landscape is buried beneath tarmac.

Andrew Morgan, 163 Kingston Road, Oxford.

THE Battle of Newbury raises fundamental questions about national transport and road policy. What is national transport policy? What national objective does the Newbury bypass serve? Is it more important than solving severe local problems by other methods, as will now be done at Norwich? How can public transport reduce Newbury's local traffic problems?

Tony Howwell, Transport Group, Bristol Civic Society, 95 Cromwell Road, Bristol BS6 5EX.

THE answer for Newbury and the rest of the country is to begin implementing the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution. Its recommendations offer long-term solutions for a sustainable transport policy to benefit us all and future generations. The report is usually available in local libraries. Malcolm Dunn, 21 Wyvern Road, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands B74 2PS.

HIGHWAYS Agency figures show that with predicted traffic growth, and because Newbury's traffic is predominantly local, a bypass will

## Memories of the troubles

PRESUME that Deirdre Boden (Letters, January 4) will also blame the criminal gang wars in Dublin, reported in the same issue, on folk memories of British wrongdoings.

I do have "living memories" of being a terrified child in the early 1940s with bombs raining round me and school friends and neighbours being blown to bits, and I remember, at a younger age, overhearing various uncivil stories of atrocities on the Western Front in 1914-18. Yet do I hate the current generation of Germans and blame them for all our ills? Of course I don't. P Clarke, Beckett Gardens, Welwyn, Herts AL9 9JE.

ALTHOUGH equating the Black and Tans' actions as balancing out IRA murders is pretty sick, Deirdre Boden is right about one thing: the absence of any meaningful teaching of Irish history in the British education system. English pupils in my time were given the impression that England and Ireland were friends. This was not deliberate deception by our teachers; simply proof that

they were as deluded about the true state of affairs as their pupils. R Guest, Riverdale Park, Gumborpe, Notts NG14 7EY.

SOCIOLOGISTS like Deirdre Boden have public responsibilities which they should exercise with due seriousness. This should involve respect for the human person and their status as moral agents. The rocky inroads of alleged drug dealers cannot be explained away by such euphemisms as "learned behaviour". Eoin O'Neachtain, Bloemfontein Road, London W12 7BX.

YOU suggest (Who's calling the tonic?, January 4) that the Irish News was "once closely associated with republican politics". This is untrue: throughout its 140-year history, this newspaper has consistently supported constitutional nationalism and condemned all forms of violence. Noel Doran, Deputy Editor, Irish News, 113-117 Donegal Street, Belfast BT1 2GE.



## Patients, plays and Parliament

DURING a drive to cut waiting lists in the North-west last year (Ministers seek NHS coup after blitz on waiting lists, January 5), a friend, who is a consultant dermatologist, was amazed to find a urologist installed in the dermatology clinic and seeing patients with skin complaints requiring specialist attention. Good to know everybody's mucking in. Caroline Matheson, 145 Victoria Road, Cambridge CB4 3BU.

ADRIAN Noble (Realising a dream, January 3) is spot on: "We don't go to the theatre today to hear a play, we go to see it." It's called the Theatre of Gawping. Kiddies do it: "Oh look! A helicopter's coming on to the stage..." And when he goes on to observe that "Shakespeare may have meant his plays for empty stages, but it's daft to suggest that is how they should be performed today", he's spot on again. It is daft. What just actors and text? Daft. Plain daft. Good for you, Adrian. You've said it plain. That's why you're head of the BBC, because you tell it like it is. Oh what a laddie you are, you are. I'd let you do my plays on a stage that wasn't empty. I would. I'd let you do them with a zing a bang and drums galore. Honest. Arnold Weaker, Ely on Wye, Hereford HR3 5RJ.

I WAS cheered to read that Gordon McGregor turned down a CBE (Letters, January 3) on the grounds that such titles "entrench the unnecessary sense of class and hierarchy which so inhibits and divides our British society". Bravo! I assume that signing himself "Emeritus Professor of Education at the University of Leicester" is a message to a typographical error. Patrick Kewell, 7 Marson Road, Clevedon, Avon BS21 7NN.

HAVE often wished we had an annual list of those who refused honours. Mary Campbell, 44 Marchmont Crescent, Edinburgh EH9 1HE.

IT IS surprising that Geoff Hoon MP (Letters, January 4) has not realised that debates on issues such as copyright extension should take place before EU directives are adopted. To complain about a lack of debate when the Government implements a directive into UK law shows a lack of understanding as to how the directives operate. Mr Hoon should have been making his concerns known three years ago. Adam Rose, Solicitor, Paisner & Co, 154 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2DQ.

I MUST take issue with Robin Ball (Letters, January 4) in his observations on the British Parliament and its European counterparts. I should like more noise, more barking (preferably spontaneous), better reflection of the divisions in society and, above all, the occasional interesting speech. I find the behaviour of the parliaments of Europe (including the European Parliament) anemic and bureaucratized. Tim Thomas, 117 Poblelo Road, London W11 2DY.

## A prisoner on our conscience

THE case of Dr Mohammed al-Mas'ari (Giving in to blackmail, January 5) demonstrates just how hollow the UK Government's often stated commitment to its obligations under the 1951 UN Convention on Refugees really is.

Dr al-Mas'ari and his organisation, the Committee for the Defence of Legitimate Rights (CDLR) are known to Amnesty International. In its 1994 annual report, Amnesty International documented the arrest and detention of over 20 members of the CDLR in Saudi Arabia, who are considered to be prisoners of conscience.

Amongst them was Mohammed al-Mas'ari, spokesperson of the CDLR, who was held incommunicado, without charge or trial from May to September 1993.

The 1994 Amnesty report states that the banned CDLR transferred its headquarters to London in April 1994 following the release of 20 of its supporters at the end of 1993. Amongst them was Dr al-Mas'ari, the spokesperson who fled Saudi Arabia and sought asylum in the UK.

By refusing to consider Dr al-Mas'ari's claim for asylum in this country, the UK is abdicating its responsibilities. It is to be hoped that this pre-

cedent, whereby trading concerns override the need for consideration of an asylum claim, will be overturned in the High Court. Jan Shaw, Refugee Officer, Amnesty International, 99-119 Rosebery Avenue, London EC1R 4RE.

I WONDER whether the Conservatives yet realise how dangerous a precedent they have set by agreeing to Saudi requests to deport Dr al-Mas'ari? If, after the next election, a British Prime Minister of a different political complexion were to require, say, the government of Australia, to deport "that little creep Portillo for making tiresome political speeches," would British Conservatives now have any legitimate grounds for protest?

What people are allowed to do in this country is a matter of national sovereignty. If Mr Major does not understand this, he risks being portrayed as "Monsieur Oui - the robot of Riyadh."

Lord Russell, House of Lords, London SW1A 0AA.

DR MAS'ARI is being refused asylum in this country on account of his political activities - the very

things which make him a refugee. But if he were not politically active, he would not be granted asylum either, because it would be said by the Home Office that he was not in danger. Exactly what is a person supposed to do to get asylum here? Sam Mackenzie, 17 The Polygon, London SW4.

SO now it's all becoming clear: the Tory right don't want Brussels to decide how we should run our country because we already have yet another unaccountable quantum to do that - it's called Saudi Arabia. Andy Newton, Goodman Street, Llanbeis, Gwynedd LL55 4HL.

AM I alone in congratulating the House of Saud for demonstrating how easy it is to influence Her Majesty's Government? The Saudis only managed to extract an apology over Death Of A Princess, but they have outdone themselves over Dr Mas'ari. What price freedom of expression? Cheap at the price, I hear Fahad mutter. Khalid Haneef, G van Ijsesteinstraat, 1082 KJ Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

YOUR leader writer's description (January 5) of the Saudi opposition leader as a "fundamentalist" is simplistic and requires qualification, although you are right to point out that the current regime in Riyadh is itself fundamentalist, administering Sharia law in an entirely arbitrary way.

Mohammed al-Mas'ari is fighting for an elected and accountable government in his country, renamed Arabia, to signify its release from the family bondage of the Al-Sauds. This new government would be elected by universal suffrage - men and women - and is committed to ending the wholesale mismanagement of the country by the unelected leaders in Riyadh, clearing the country of foreign (largely American) military forces, introducing free trade unions, an independent judiciary, a free and uncensored press, freedom of speech and assembly, demanding fair prices for the country's produce and supporting a new and fairer international order.

To me, as a western Socialist, that sounds like a "fundamentalist" programme I can go along with. George Galloway MP, House of Commons, London SW1A 0AA.

## The sins of Emma's past

THE media picture of the young mother-to-be from Holloway chained to the bed with a toddler in her lap, which Emma Nicholson says brought her face-to-face with her dilemma as a Tory MP, reminds me that it was the Government, of which she was then a member, that is a supporter, that is responsible for this sad state of affairs.

Emma Nicholson voted for VAT on fuel and power for domestic and charity use. She also voted for the poll tax, which charged working and waged persons full tax, a tax on marriage or reduction of the married persons' tax allowance) whereby the husband paid two full poll taxes. The injustice of a Conservative Government was recognised then. Andrew Jessop, 229 Russell Court, Woburn Place, London WC1H 0ND.

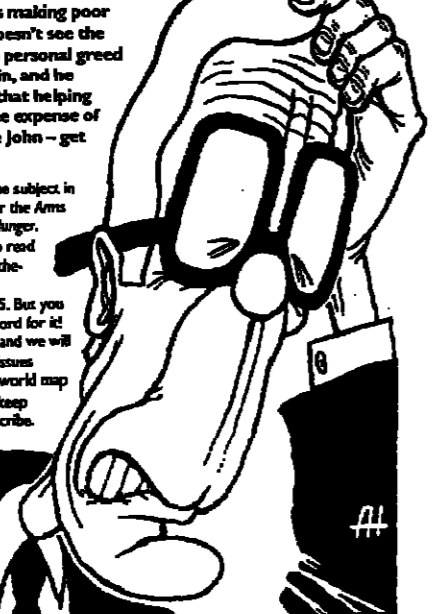
ALAN Howarth claims (January 4) that John Major "hung on to the leadership by the narrowest of margins". What value therefore can be placed on the rest of his political analysis? Gerald Hartup, Director, The Freedom Association, 35 Westminster Bridge Road, London SE1 7JB.

## New Internationalist magazine

### John doesn't get it

SO HE DOESN'T KNOW that free market economics is making poor people poorer, he doesn't see the connection between personal greed and the state we're in, and he doesn't understand that helping yourself can be at the expense of others. Don't be like John - get the NI.

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IT IS surprising that Geoff Hoon MP (Letters, January 4) has not realised that debates on issues such as copyright extension should take place before EU directives are adopted. To complain about a lack of debate when the Government implements a directive into UK law shows a lack of understanding as to how the directives operate. Mr Hoon should have been making his concerns known three years ago. Adam Rose, Solicitor, Paisner & Co, 154 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2DQ.

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## Britpop survivor takes revenge

BEL PINTAR thinks Pulp's Jarvis Cocker is a bit of an old sexist, does down streets, January 3 and 4? His women fools and victims? I think not. The woman on Common People is a silly, patronising social abuser, victim only of her preconceptions. Other songs include a revenge fantasy on a woman who has been lost in Disco 2000, it seems that Deborah never noticed him at all. Hardly victim mentality. Perhaps Bel should enlarge the lyrics on the CD booklet and have a proper look at them. Ingrid Ferrin, 3 Arbutnot Rd, London SE14.

## Why the Tories Euro fishing trip failed

AS PETER Preston (A net loss on the catch of the day, December 29) rightly suggests, there are too many fishing vessels chasing too few fish, and the priority of fisheries policy must be to redress this imbalance. I said nothing to the contrary during the Commons debate on fisheries policy on December 19. Perhaps I can help unravel the difficulties Peter Preston had in understanding Labour's approach to this debate.

Firstly, there is no contradiction between a stouter decision to allow increased fishing effort in these waters. Judging from his commentary, Mr Preston must agree. The fact

## It's time for a civil inquiry into uncivil behaviour

RECRUITMENT and Assessment Service is likely to accelerate this disturbing trend. The only hope now is that the Government will reverse their decision.

Would it be presumptuous of me to suggest that we need a new Northcote-Trevelyan inquiry? D J Trevelyan, Principal, Mansfield College, Oxford.

SIR John Herbecq's letter (December 27) stated that Lord Bancroft's article had not attracted the attention it deserved. I suspect that many civil servants would have liked to do so publicly, particularly in print, in case they have their cards marked.

Like an old-style totalitarian state which it so closely resembles, the Civil Service does not allow its employees to criticise it. Most corrupt regimes destroy themselves. The Civil Service is in its death throes. Let us hope it will not be too long dying. Name and address supplied.

## A Country Diary

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE: As Henry Thorold once wrote: "Staffordshire remains a mystery", neither north nor south, its north-eastern quarter contains some of the wildest, darkest territory in all the southern Pennines. To quote Thorold again: "Here, London and the outside world seem 1,000 miles away." On a recent day when grey cloud scudded from the west - that dark corner where the Black Brook comes down to the Dane - everything looked over blacker than usual.

The heather moors clothing the western side of Axe Edge and, on behind, the Roaches are the grimmest I can think of when winter cloud-palls shroud Staffordshire's high territory. This vaporous, black-brown stuff was catching Axe Edge's crest, dispensing a wetting drizzle. The Swaledale ewes had long since turned their backsides towards the west and made the best of what grazing the shrivelled beather shoots of forest. Coming south off Axe Edge we entered that strange

country of scattered hill-farms and cottages that, from afar, give the impression of squatters' territory. The dispersed who were sufficiently robust (and other hardy souls) seem to have settled here on unproductive, acid ground with their ramshackle roofs in those scudding, winter clouds. A distant prospect still gives the impression of scattered, haphazard settlement.

So up we came, to the top of Oliver Mill, distinguished as Staffordshire's loftiest spot. Out there towards the southwest we could make out the drab basin of Goldsitch Moss - not hard to imagine it as the productive little coalfield that it once was.

There were about 15 workings to give employment and fuel to the locals for some years, keeping them from the penury their sterile land would otherwise have imposed. Goldsitch is not the loveliest place on a cloudy, midwinter's day so we kept away.

ROGER REDFERN

سكان الامل



07/12/01/20

Paul Verhoeven's Showgirls has been panned as a skin flick. JONATHAN ROMNEY hears how he dreams of making a film about Jesus

# A basic instinct to shock

SITTING in a London hotel, Paul Verhoeven is explaining the importance of risk. "I don't think you really live if you protect yourself. To go for safe is the death of an artist." As if on cue, the fire alarm sounds in the corridor. It turns out that this is not just a drill — step out on to the stairwell and you can actually smell burning from downstairs. Verhoeven's face glows with delight. "We should be sitting here while the fire goes on — that would give the interview the feeling of threat!"

In fact the interview is altogether free of threat, which, considering the circumstances, might not have been the case at all. Verhoeven is here to promote his new film *Showgirls*, which was received in the US with more universal loathing and derision than any in recent memory. Moralists have attacked it because they feel its full-frontal tableau of sleaze among the strippers and lap dancers of Las Vegas is too shocking. Feminists and liberals hate its misogyny. *Variety* called it "impossibly vulgar, tawdry and coarse... akin to being keelhaunched in a cesspool".

Most directors, faced with the prospect of promoting such a battle-scarred product — especially when it's already bitten the dust at the US box office — get defensive, and give clear signs that they're liable to turn nasty at the wrong question. But Verhoeven is jovial, to say the least. He's large, baggy and grey-haired, like a loud, sympathetic PE teacher. You imagine he's one of those directors who like to give their cast rousing pep talks. After a decade in Hollywood, he still has a full Dutch accent and verbal tics to match, like the occasional dropped-in "isn't it?". He puts up an energetic defence of the film, but given that he has a hard sell to do, he's as frank as he can be.

"You have to be a bit philosophical about the perception of your work at the moment it arrives on the market. It could be the fault of the movie or it could be the fault of the perception, or it might be both — that would probably be the fair statement."

One thing he is visibly indignant about is censorship. *Showgirls* has been banned in

Ireland; in Britain, it's a certificate 18, with 15 seconds trimmed from a rape scene. In France, however, it's released uncut, rated 12. "This is supposed to be the Common Market, isn't it?" Verhoeven fumes. "It's easier apparently to have a common coin than a common moral value — isn't it?"

But *Showgirls* is less shocking for its content than for its bludgeoning \$39 million crassness. "If you call it lowbrow, it's basically because it's about blue collar people, isn't it?" he says. "These are people with no education, with a very small vocabulary. They are not the prototype of the intellectual sophisticated people who normally walk through our movies."

In fact, the main accusation is lowbrow as in tacky: it's a film with no convincing characters, no convincing performances, and a clanking script. It's got feathers in its head, iron in its soul and lead in its crotchless pants. Unless, of course, we're simply missing something? Verhoeven thinks we are.

**'I'd have shown Kyle McLachlan with an erection if he would have done it. I offered him a digital one. But he refused'**

"I thought I was giving a portrayal of corrupted society. It's a kind of apocalyptic landscape, where everybody is betraying each other, where everybody is more evil than good, and the only decent person in the movie is punished for her decency by being raped."

Plausible enough. Then why does the film look like a hysterical soft-porn melodrama? Verhoeven thinks it's all to do with perception. "I don't think anybody understood what the movie was about, because they were so distracted by the tits. I doubt they ever looked at the faces of the actors."

He vehemently denies the accusation that *Showgirls* is just a flesh show for the lads. "I'm the only director in the world who has used erections

in my movies. In my Dutch work, so I'm the last person you should accuse of being one-sided. I would have shown Kyle McLachlan with an erection if he would have done it, just for the sake of reality. I offered him a digital erection. He refused. It's in his contract that it wouldn't be done."

Maybe so, but the sex is a moot point. The film relentlessly piles up with hip-thrusting and hot looks, with all the subtlety of a lap dancer grinding into your crotch while yelling "Come, damn you, come!" Yet the film is stridently unsexy. That's the point exactly, Verhoeven says.

"It was not my intention to make an erotic movie. The theme of the movie is the use and abuse of sex. The sex scenes are not erotic at all. But that was used against the movie — people were pissed off that they didn't get an erection."

"I don't think it says anything against the movie, it says something about the publicity. They were advertising on the sports pages, suggesting that this was a peep show, and that you should go in with your raincoat" (a recent *Viz* comic carries an ad for the film with the slogan "Phwooorrrr"). "People have been pushing the wrong buttons, basically."

This seems disingenuous. If Verhoeven wanted to make a film that didn't sell itself on sex, he wouldn't have gone for an astronomical nipple-count, or such a brazen come-on of a title. In fact, he needn't have bothered with nudity at all. He could have done something like Atom Egoyan's rather more discreet table-dancing drama *Exotica*, which was considerably more erotic, and psychologically incisive.

"That's a dishonest movie," Verhoeven says. "It's not showing the size and just trying to be artistic. I protest against that. I'm a realist. I'm not selling it but showing it. If I'd wanted to sell it, then I would never have created this nasty, negative, backstabbing lying, cheating character of Naomi (the lead role, played by Elizabeth Berkley). That's going against every convention. People want a fucking whore, and then they want her to have a good heart." All that, of course, does make Naomi remarkably difficult to shoot. "I don't know if you read the US papers, she cannot dance and she cannot



Photograph: FRANK MARTIN

film-maker, Verhoeven is more American than the Americans — a quality which made his first US film, *RoboCop*, so powerful, with its trenchant view of the American media inferno. Verhoeven claims to be still "European re-programmed". "When I went to the United States, I was 47. I think I will never be American — my kids will be and I won't. My attitude will always be a bit European, with an American surface. But I don't know how deep that surface goes. I don't identify with Vietnam, or the Kennedys or Nixon or whatever, that's not my world, I'll always look at it in an alienated way."

Verhoeven altogether seems a ripe candidate for alienation — Hollywood's brashest specialist in blockbusterers, he refers in interviews to Heidegger and Jung, has a PhD in maths and physics from the University of Leiden, and only reached the States after a Dutch career spanning 25 years. There's also a very unHollywood religious streak in his imagination, most notably in *RoboCop*, which he has described as a Christ-like story of resurrection. It's perhaps this aspect that gives even Verhoeven's most genre-based films their apocalyptic edge.

At 26, he says, he went through a brief phase of Pente-costal fervour. "I started to lose control of my brains, feeling that they might be blown away by this whole thing. I've often thought that my tendency to realism since then is based on the fact that I wanted to keep my feet on the ground and build up a barrier to subconscious intrusion."

Verhoeven still attends meetings of an American group called the Jesus Seminar, which claims to study the historical facts about Jesus; it's research towards a film he's long been planning.

But that will have to be after his sci-fi project *Starship Troopers*, and then perhaps a low-budget version of Charles Bukowski's novel, *Women*. "It's all about fucking, isn't it? Forty women. We might reduce it to 10. It would be the ultimate 18 cert hard porno art flick."

After that, Verhoeven will probably need a Jesus film to appease America's moral right. But that won't happen with the realist one that he's planning.

More likely, it will allow him to indulge his sense of risk to the full. "It might be to have made 'I'll do it, but I might have to live in Europe for some time, Holland or England. They might protect me okay here. They did with Rushdie."

*Showgirls* is released on Friday January 19. The National Film Theatre's Verhoeven retrospective continues throughout January. An Omnibus film on his work is screened on Monday at 10.45pm on BBC1.

Misunderstood... I don't think anybody understood what the movie was about — they were so distracted by the tits' —

beth was never played by Elizabeth Berkley, previously known for TV roles in teen sitcom *Saved By The Bell* and the inevitable *Baywatch*. She has unflatteringly been attacked as the film's weak link, within a few days of its opening, she was dropped by all-powerful Hollywood agency CAA. Her one-note repertoire of sulks and pouts is appalling, although there's no denying she's a dynamic dancer. "If you read the US papers, she cannot dance and she cannot act. She did the character the way it was written. The psychotic behavior she displays is in the script and it was pushed by me. If it's bad acting, it's because it's badly written and badly directed."

The film's in-your-face harshness is what you expect from him. It hardly makes for demystification of Vegas flash, but Verhoeven intended the feeling to be forbidding. "I feel it should be always be pleasing, it shouldn't try to entertain in the conventional way. It can also entertain by shock — irritate and push people away. The general tone of the movie is that of a non-pleasing reality."

Verhoeven has never bothered much about pleasing people. His last major scandal was *Basic Instinct*, barracked by lesbian and gay lobbies in the States because Sharon Stone's character was a murderous bisexual. Back in 1980, Spetters, about bike gangs, so upset the Dutch public that it caused the forma-

## Into the maelstrom — with a male

Men who need to talk find it easier to talk to other chaps — don't they? EDWARD PILKINGTON gets things off his chest and finds male bonding may be best after all

"I'M DESPERATE. My marriage appears in terminal decline. My wife is forever berating me for withholding my feelings and for devoting myself to football and beer. My liver feels as though it's got the mumps. And to cap it all, my female boss has been 'coming on strong' at the office and, I have to admit, she's very attractive and I'm sorely tempted."

A glimmer of hope amid the emotional maelstrom came this week, just in time. Help was at hand, we were told, in the form of counselling — male counselling to be precise. A campaigning group, the British Men's Counselling Association, declared that the best thing for screwed-up males was to speak to another man, trained to offer guidance and support.

The group's head, Andrew Marshall, who has worked for the marriage guidance service Relate for 10 years, equates male counsellors could equate more easily with the internal anguish of other men than the women counsellors who overwhelmingly dominate this profession.

It sounded a sensible approach, and prompted a flick through the *Yellow Pages*. His list of counselling services contained what appeared to be the perfect instant solution — a doctor practising in north London who specialises in short-term advice on relationship problems. The "short-term" element sounded especially appealing — the thought of dragging out the torment, deluging endlessly on the minutiae of my contorted emotions, induced



nothing but dread. When I telephoned the clinic I was greeted by a deep, rich bass voice of eastern European extraction that had the reassuring certainty of being male. Here was a man who would understand intuitively my insatiable attractiveness to, and attraction for, the opposite sex, and the almost equally intense allure of Tereya's biceps.

Imagine the shock, then, when the clinic door opened in the heavy-eyed early hours of yesterday morning. The voice was fine — as dandy textured as it had been on the phone and at least a couple of octaves below mine. The problem is that it was produced by a chest that unmistakably belonged to a woman. "Come inside, tell me all about your problems," she said.

Before this counselling goes further, an official Guardian health warning must be issued. A warning, that is, about my health. If I wrote that my marriage was in terminal decline with no further comment, it would indeed be terminated forthwith — and not by me. If I allowed the statement to stand that a female Guardian editor for whom I write had sexual designs on me, my career in journalism would rapidly proceed in the same direction.

The truth is, my marriage is thriving and all my bosses — of either sex — appear singularly immune to my charms. I have been to the odd football match at Arsenal (odd being the operative word) and I have been known to drink excessive quantities of beer, albeit at irregular intervals. Denial perhaps, but I don't perceive myself as being an obvious candidate for counselling.

None of that alters the fact that there I was on the doorstep, confronted by a deep-voiced Eastern European woman wanting to know all about my fake — though she was not to know that — problems. The first few minutes were what one calls in the jargon of psycho-babble "uncomfortable". In plain English, it was nothing in my head and would have paid far more than the arguably extravagant fee of £55 to be anywhere else. But then something very strange happened. The conversation changed tack, adopting a path very reminiscent of two men chatting over those proverbial pints of beer in a pub.

"What do you feel about your female boss? Do you love her or are you just infatuated? What if you were to enter into an affair with her, wouldn't it be fun?" the counsellor asked. Her sage suggestion, uttered towards the end of the 50-minute session, was that I should take my boss out for a drink and talk to her about what was going on between us. "Then if you still succumb to her attentions, at least you've salvaged your conscience. That may sound devious but it's not."

After that heady advice — worthy of one's best, most unreconstructed Arsenal-supporting mate — I felt I really was in need of counselling from a genuine man. But the confusion only deepened when I took the same fabricated dilemma to a male counsellor a few hours later.

He took me back to my early years and focused on my relationship with my father, explaining that having a male in the parenting role of counsellor often helped men in states of emotional confusion feel that he called their "father wound". He suggested how my inability to deal with the advances of my boss might have something to do with the fact that adults in positions of responsibility over me still posed a problem, as a hang-over from the trauma of my childhood.

In contrast to the sharp, puzzle-solving approach of the woman counsellor, he delved into my inner self. He forced me to confront my feelings and contradictions. In short, he behaved just like a woman.

The contrast between the two counsellors — so contrary to their gender stereotypes — was even more apparent with their demeanour. The woman sat back as we discussed my problems and had a rather detached air, as though she were perusing the mess of my life from a great height. You could imagine her sipping that pint of Tereya's and exclaiming: "Cor, Paul Merson didn't half score two great goals against QPR on Boxing Day."

The man, on the other hand, leaned forward in his seat and gave me caring, sharing glances as though he were cradling me in his arms with looks alone. By the end of his session — a mere snip at £35 — I could have told him everything, as indeed I did.

I couldn't help it. It just came pouring out in one great swoosh: Father. Childhood. Marriage. Boss. Arsenal. Beer. But I'm not sharing any of that with you. It's strictly private.

## Poetry Competition £16000 prize money to be won

The International Society of Poets, an affiliate of the widely respected US National Library of Poetry is sponsoring an International Open Amateur Poetry Competition — with a total of 840 prizes to be awarded over the next twelve months. The closing date for entry is 29th February 1996. Another competition begins on 1st March 1996. The competition is open to all and entry is free.

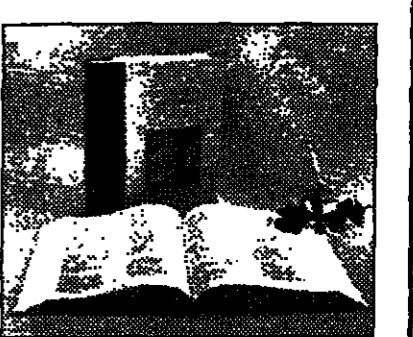
**Publication Opportunity**

All of the poems entered into the competition will also be considered for inclusion in one of the Society's forthcoming anthologies. Every poem remains the exclusive property of its author. Anthologies published by the organisation have included *On the Threshold of a Dream*, *Days of Future's Past*, *Of Diamonds and Rust*, and *Moments More to Go*, among others.

"It's always exciting to discover new talent. We have been sponsoring competitions in the United States for more than ten years now — and it's a special pleasure to be running these events in the UK," stated Elizabeth Barnes, President of The International Society of Poets. "We're especially interested in receiving poems from new or unpublished poets."

**How to Enter**

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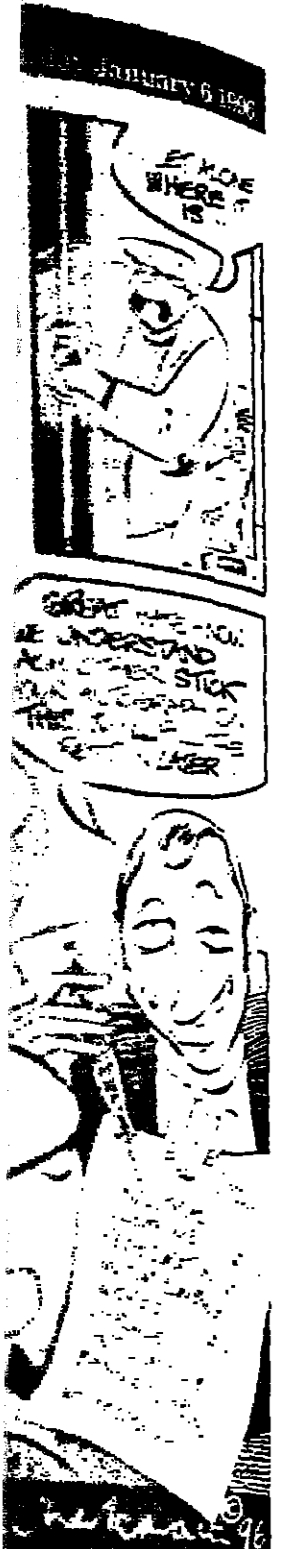
The Coming of Dawn, featured above, is one of The National Library of Poetry's recent deluxe hardbound anthologies.

The International Society of Poets Dept. 9171 FREEPOST LON 2229 London EC1B 1TY

Your poem should be no more than 20 lines, and your name and address must appear at the top of the page. Every poet who enters will receive an evaluation of their artistry by the judges within seven weeks.

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The International Society of Poets was founded in 1982 to promote the work and achievements of contemporary poets — and is now recognised as the largest organisation of its kind. In recent years it has awarded more than £60,000 in prize money to more than 5,000 poets worldwide.



trip failed



**The Amritsar Massacre in 1919 marked a turning point in colonial rule, and in the life of the young Indian whose revenge struck right at the heart of the British establishment. PETER LENNON meets Horace Ové, the film-maker determined to tell the story**



# Shadow of a gunman

ON THE evening of March 13, 1940 Sir Michael O'Dwyer, former Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, was graciously acknowledging applause at the end of his lecture at the Caxton Hall, London, sponsored by the East India Association. A well-dressed young Indian called his name. Sir Michael turned, smiled at him and turned back, at which point the 37-year-old Udham Singh produced a service revolver and shot him dead.

In the pandemonium that ensued Singh also shot and wounded three other distinguished gentlemen on the platform: Lord Zetland, Secretary of State for India; Lord Lamington a former governor of Bombay, and Sir Louis Dane, former Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.

The assassin was felled by a hardy group of fans of the Raj, many of them women. He was arrested, promptly tried for murder and hanged. The first peculiarity about this affair was that the judge instructed the press not to report the defendant's speech from the dock in which he gave his motive for the killing.

Partly because the country had more pressing matters on its mind at the time, but largely because of the inter-

vention of "the authorities", the Caxton Hall affair has left little trace in the public mind. When the Trinidad-born film-maker Horace Ové went to India to make his dramatized documentary about the Bhopal disaster, Who Shall We Tell, he came across the story of Udham Singh, a national hero in his own land. While he was working on a screenplay of the story, BBC2 invited him to produce a shorter version to open their new Hidden Empire series, starting on Monday.

Ové's *The Equalizer* revives memories of probably the most barbaric act in the history of England's colonial army. On April 13, 1919, following widespread unrest in the Punjab, a crowd of 25,000 refused to disperse during a political rally in the Jallianwala Bagh of the holy city of Amritsar. General Reginald Dyer ordered his troops to fire on men, women and children. They fired for more than 10 minutes into the terrified crowd trapped in the square; some died flinging themselves down a deep well in an attempt to escape the bullets. The official tally of "natives" killed is 379 and 1,208 wounded. But in India the number is put at 900 killed. The excuse offered by General Dyer and his superior, Sir Michael O'Dwyer,



Horace Ové (main picture) believes there's more to the Singh affair than has been told. Above, a reconstruction of Sir Michael O'Dwyer's murder in Ové's film *The Equalizer*

"three indignant but hard up school girls" who gave him a shilling. An "anti-Jew" (a reference to the Secretary of State for India, E.S. Montagu) gave 10s. 6d.

It was not surprising that in 1940, with India once again providing massive aid in men and materials to the war effort, the government did not want this messy debate revived by publication of Udham Singh's speech from the dock.

But there are other elements to the story which intrigue Horace Ové. In 1932 Singh, a political activist, went to America to buy arms; he was arrested and imprisoned. "Why then did the authorities give him a passport to come to England in 1935, a man with his prison record?" asks Ové. Ové's film reveals that while Singh was in London he was under British secret service surveillance. Why was it so easy for an agitator for Indian independence to go armed to Caxton Hall where those associated with the massacre were speaking? "The Home Office still won't release papers on the affair," he says. He sees his BBC programme as a pilot for the full-scale feature film he wants to make, digging deeper into the incident.

Born in Trinidad, Ové, 56, has lived in Britain for over 30

years. In 1975, backed by the BFI Production Board, he made *Pressure*, a film innovative in its time, about "young English black kids in search of a groove of their own" — youth who had not successfully integrated into "English" life but rejected the homeward-looking traditions of their Jamaican parents. In 1986, he won the BFI Independent Film and TV Award. One of his films, *Playing Away*, describes ex-colonialists living in a Suffolk village who invite a cricket team from Brixton to play. His most recent film, shot in Chicago and Paris in 1994, called *Native Son*, is about the first black American novelist, Richard Wright.

Ové has a problem common to most black film-makers when trying to raise money for a full-scale feature. "People don't see you as a film-maker but as a black film-maker. That puts you in an ethnic bag. So you get an ethnic budget, which is quite small. The ideas, too, are narrow. I would like to make a major feature about the Singh affair. There are a lot of unanswered questions about it," Ové says. "I am interested in examining the traps governments fall into."

*The Equalizer* is on BBC2 at 7.30pm on Monday

## May the vest man win

### Television

#### Nancy Banks-Smith

I'M TIRED of these TV competitions where you made an expensive 0891 call, answer a stupid question and fall to win a world cruise. With *My Name Here's* current contest is "In which county is Canterbury? Kent or Cornwall." They are all like that.

Let us strike a blow for the difficult, if not impossible competition. I will award a swaggy or a soiled string vest to the clever winner of the Rab C Nesbitt contest. There are three, brutally taxing questions.

(1) In the first show of his new BBC2 series, Rab goes out on the dip. What is he doing? Be appallingly frank.

(2) At the end Rab gives Mary her 20th wedding anniversary present, a sort of china cherub with flowers in its bottom. "Not," says Rab, "so much Ming as minging." What is he on about?

(3) Rab's little bald friend, Andra, says he is "Awa" home in time for Cell Block and a pie supper. (Unlike London, where Prisoner Cell Block H vanishes for prolonged periods, leaving us worried sick about the time bomb ticking away in the prison porridge, lucky old Glasgow gets Prisoner twice a week). Simmer down, the question has nothing to do with Prisoner Cell Block H. What is in Andra's pie?

All Scots, Scotties, their wives and weans are excluded. Feel free to try bribery.

There was a definite touch of the Brontës, indeed the brontëals, about Catherine Cookson's *The Tide of Life* (Tyne Tees TV). Consumptive coughing, mad wives in the attic and strong men with windswept moustaches. I was rather disheartened

by the opening. Nancy is dying as the ladies of the chapel read prayers over her. (They had to make their own entertainment in those days.) I have always felt that prayers for the sick like "Go forth upon thy journey from this world, O Christian soul!" verge on the pessimistic and, for future reference, I would prefer something more upbeat.

Anyway, Nancy dies without even one line, poor soul. Her husband, Seth, is consolable. He has a pretty, young housekeeper with a sweet, sudden smile. The moment Emily (Gillian Kearney) accepts Seth's proposal, you know something is going to fall on the wretched man's head. Catherine Cookson's heroines are all orphans of the storm, tempest tossed for several episodes before they reach the harbour of a good man's arms.

However, they are sensible, spirited girls too and Emily is an example to the rest of us. With a cheery cry of "Buck up and be a rabbit!" and pausing only to whack the lodger with the poker, she sets out to seek her fortune.

By the end of the first episode she has been hired to work for a farmer called Birch (at whose name villagers spit at a marked manner), his raving, bedridden wife and her simperon brother. What's more, the house is said to be haunted. The slightest acquaintance with Jane Eyre leads me to suggest that, when footsteps are heard at dead of night, one is better off with a mousetrap than a minister.

Catherine Cookson's inspiration has one deep, tap root like a dandelion. It is common, strong, shining and very hard to kill. These films are made with devotion and attention to the look of the thing. The live action, the faces, the soft gaslight, muted mousey clothes and great, gulping open spaces.

## Total recall

### Radio

#### Lyn Gardner

AS THE clocks edged towards midnight on New Year's Eve, a woman on Radio 3 was being abducted by aliens. Unlike most of those who report sightings of little green men on this particular evening of the year, this wasn't a case of a woman under the influence, unless you count that of Bud Hopkins, an American UFO investigator who uses regressive hypnosis to get his subjects to recall (some might say invent) their experiences.

There were moments when *They're Coming To Take You Away* came across like a radio version of *The X-Files*. But, being based on the theory that alien abduction stories are the 20th century equivalent of ancient folk tales where people are spirited away by the fairies, it was less concerned with whether or not Martians exist than with the idea that such stories may be another example of false memory, a phenomenon widely reported both here and in the US, mostly in cases of remembered childhood sexual abuse.

However, anyone listening to all six hours of *Remembering And Forgetting*, Radio 3's themed evening of music, discussion, readings and drama exploring what we remember, why we remember, how we remember and what we forget, could be forgiven for coming away with the impression that there's no such thing as pure memories anyway.

Psychologist John Morton suggested that memory is a way of selecting things from

the past which fit comfortably with our view of ourselves now, which is a very grown-up way of explaining why most of us spend the night of December 31 drinking three litres of Bulgarian red and singing Auld Lang Syne and then spend the whole of January 1 trying to remember just what we did the night before.

Harold Pinter's dramatisation of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance Of Things Past*, *The Frost Screenplay*, originally written for film director Joseph Losey but never produced, provided the centrepiece of the evening and its main disappointment, proving considerably more baffling and complex than the original. It seemed almost wilfully perverse to try to present a screenplay — with its legions of filmic equivalent of stage directions — on the radio. Why not go the whole hog and do a silent classic? Or how about a really exciting evening of semaphores. Still, it gave Pinter the chance to modulate beautifully and provide the drama's best performance in what was rather pompously billed as "the voice of the screenplay".

Considerably more rewarding was Christopher Hope's *New Remembrance*, an incisive essay, both witty and melancholy, that linked his own experiences of life as an exile with those of the writer Vladimir Nabokov. "For some of us, remembering may be a form of revenge, a way of getting our own back, making good the unacceptable loss of something precious, like a childhood or a country or of someone," suggested Hope. Nabokov's memoir *Invitation to a Beheading* is a kind of guerrilla manual for those who relish his strategies of retrospective attacks."

## While the Opera House has millions to rebuild, it is also having to sack staff. Why? ANDREW CLEMENTS reports

### A right Royal mess

PRE-CHRISTMAS rumours of the Royal Opera House's financial plight were not, alas, exaggerated. Last Thursday's announcement of redundancies involving 10 per cent of those who work at Covent Garden comes as a savage blow at a time when the artistic product from the Royal Opera and the Royal Ballet is generally so fine, and audience figures are holding up remarkably well.

It is the collapse in revenue from sponsorship, state and private, that has led to the current season's deficit, which promises comfortably to outstrip last season's shortfall of £633,000. To some extent, the ROH shares that shortfall with many other arts organisations. Arts Council grants have not been maintained in real terms, while corporate sponsorship has become ever more difficult to attract in the 1990s — but there is the suspicion that

part of the problem is of the house's own making. Most of the fund-raising activity over the past 12 months in Floral Street has been concentrated on the closure and redevelopment of the theatre, now scheduled for 1997, and particularly on finding the cash to match the £58m grant from the Lottery towards the rebuilding work. While minds were thus occupied, the important role of the private sponsors in underwriting new productions has been neglected, and the fundamental flaw in Lottery funding of the arts has been exposed once again. There may be fabulous funds available for capital projects, for building spanking new palaces of culture, but there is just no money to be had for funding the shows to put into them.

The long-term health of the house may have been safeguarded in 1996, it seems, but a short-term but potentially

very damaging cash crisis has overtaken it.

At present, the redundancies seem likely to be concentrated on the front-of-house operation and on the administration, though several previous rounds of job cuts there over the last five years means there can be very little spare flesh left to be trimmed away. It's surely only a matter of time, though, before new productions are cut and cheaper revivals put in their place: already the new *Il Corsaro*, part of this summer's Verdi Festival has gone, and some of the most interesting repertory scheduled for next season — *Rhinsky-Korsakov's Golden Cockerel*, Pfitzner's *Palestrina* — might go the same way. And that is precisely the kind of spice that has been introduced into the Royal Opera's programming over the last couple of seasons which has lifted Covent Garden to its current artistic high.

### POP

#### Coolio

The Grand, London

AMERICAN gangsta rap hasn't caught on here. Even when a gangsta single entered the British charts at No. 1 in October, it felt more like a fluke than a signal that the *gangstas* were coming for your children.

That isn't to belittle either the song — *Gangsta's Paradise* — or its creator, Coolio. It was one of the finest records of last year. Based on a haunting Stevie Wonder chorus, it reputedly the "plamour" of gang-banging, imploring: "Why are we so blind to see that the ones we hurt are you and me?"

Amazingly, no one had put it so succinctly before as the 33-year-old Los Angeles, Paradise has transformed Coolio into a major contender, but he hasn't the fiery talent of Dre or New York's ferocious Wu Tang Clan. The single is the best thing on the album of the same name, and much of its magic was due to a soulful vocal from one LV.

Just as it was starting to go on too long, a backing band strolled on and Coolio invited four MCs from the crowd on stage and it all turned into an old-fashioned singing, dancing revue. The difference was that Coolio was telling the fans how he'd like to drop off some beer and a spliff at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty wouldn't have been amused, but 1,500 other people were.

This review appeared in some editions of yesterday's paper.

accompanying by three synchro-rapper dancers. Unusually for the star of the show, he allowed the others an equal share of the spotlight. Their renditions of stuff from Coolio's two albums were harder than on disc, and all the better for it.

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صكنا من الامل





As one of Northern Ireland's 'disenfranchised', supporting none of the three main combatants, JOHN GRAY is depressed that the peace process has been belittled by Unionists and the Government against the hopes of many

# Awful racket, this peace

HOW easily very recent miseries fade — the years of barricading the front door at night in north Belfast, the IRA fire-bombing of my own place of work, Belfast's historic Linen Hall Library, on New Year's morning 1994, the last loyalist random sectarian murder of the troubles only two streets away from our home. It is easier for us to forget than for some. Why, then, do I find myself as depressed about the future as at any point in the last 25 years of violence? I can remember previous occasions when there were evident reasons for feeling this way. But now we have had, despite the recent so-called drugs-related killings, over a year of ceasefire.

Of course there is a peace dividend — people are not, for the moment, dying in the numbers that they did — and there is a tourist dividend with visitors arriving in droves, but those of us who live here are not tourists. And there is a golf dividend — there are plans to despoil Carnmoney Hill, one of the beautiful ranges that form a spectacular backdrop to Belfast, by turning it into yet another golf course; if we all had the inclination or the means to play golf all day, our problems would be solved.

But is there a peace process? I suspect this is a question that someone in my position should not ask. That feeling reflects, I think, that we still remain far from achieving any of the features of a normal democratic society. Let me explain. Many of us have been effec-

tively disenfranchised for the last 25 years, caught as we were between the war strategies of the Provisionals, the Loyalists, and the British government, and endorsing none of them. Because Northern Ireland never actually descended to the depths of civil war on the Yugoslav model — if it had my library would long since have been burnt to the ground like Sarajevo's — there have been islands of life throughout the bad years on which it has been possible for some of us to clamour home and envisage a better future.

I think of integrated education. My own involvement has been with Hazelwood College in north Belfast which was founded 10 years ago with a handful of pupils in borrowed and prison-like premises. Today it has 640 pupils and has just been picked out by the National Foundation for Educational Research as one of six secondary schools in the whole United Kingdom which are "succeeding against the odds".

I think, too, of the environmental movement, which has brought together groups such as my own Cave Hill Conservation Campaign in north Belfast with the Black Mountain Action Group in west Belfast to create the vision of a Belfast Hills Regional Park. The Belfast Hills Walk, started five years ago with 40 walkers has now become a major annual event with up to 1,000 participants.

This year members of the security forces and Sinn Féin councillors felt safe to walk the whole route for the first time. The Government has now endorsed the Regional

Park idea but the battle is still on to ensure that real powers to defend the environment go with it.

I think, too, of the Linen Hall Library, where for the past 16 years I have been librarian. It was founded in 1788 by that almost forgotten late 18th century radical Presbyterian generation who looked outwards to the rest of the world, embraced Enlightenment principles and the ideals of the American and French Revolutions, and in so doing passed on to us a legacy of openness.

Those who had inflicted the most pain but had also suffered the most, Republicans and Loyalists, had exercised that quality. The much vaunted Downing Street Declaration, an impenetrable and confusing compromise, had seemed to me to be a wholly inadequate basis for a Provisional IRA ceasefire. That is if we were talking of the Provisionals of the year of military victory — they had several of those — or even the Provisionals of the long war, the war that had gone on too long.

Their willingness to embark on a ceasefire on the declaration's terms had to imply a willingness to disengage from the juggernaut of militarism and seek limited and pragmatic gains in negotiation, a form of process which had been anathema to Republicans ever since the 1822 Treaty which ended the Anglo-Irish war. For them a perilous course indeed.

Every bit as impressively, Loyalist paramilitaries were willing to take the Republican ceasefire at face value and declare their own. Subsequently my incompre-

hension and anger have grown. I have watched the main Unionist parties — the effective political majority here — and the British government systematically belittle what has been achieved. If it has taken the Provisionals 25 years to learn the art of the possible, and to our cost, surely others should now be able to assert their civil and religious liberty by marching, as tradition demands, through a Catholic street. I watched aghast on TV.

David Trimble, sash to the fore, was side by side with Paisley, arms raised in triumph. The face of David Trimble, the new leader of the Ulster Unionist Party, was beclouded. Was it my TV, the weather, or the passion? Back in west Belfast tradition was abandoned. There were no riots on the anniversary of internment, a ritual usually observed on the ninth of August. For once the inter-

building on existing contacts between the Falls and the Shankill. For a moment I am hopeful.

Yet meanwhile there was Ulster's real summer outing, the marching season. The new would-be multi-cultural Unionism was born at the siege of Drumcree where thousands of Orangemen assembled to assert their civil and religious liberty by marching, as tradition demands, through a Catholic street. I watched aghast on TV.

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## I have bad dreams of a day that a mob will demand I separate my library into its constituent parts, British, Ulster-Scots and Irish

I was left with no doubt about the continuing desire for peace, about the genuine welcome and respect that Protestants and Unionists present got, about the deep anger that remains over many individual issues, and the growing frustration at the log jam in the political process.

On the way out I was handed a couple of pamphlets that hailed from the Shankill Road — *Ulster's Protestant Working Class*, and *Beyond the Five and Drum* published by Island Pamphlets, named after Queen's Island, home of Harland and Wolff shipyard, once the great employer of Protestant male workers in this city. These pamphlets record similar agonised discussions within the Loyalist community and suggest that there would be real mileage in

building on existing contacts between the Falls and the Shankill. For a moment I am hopeful.

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Yet meanwhile there was Ulster's real summer outing, the marching season. The new would-be multi-cultural Unionism was born at the siege of Drumcree where thousands of Orangemen assembled to assert their civil and religious liberty by marching, as tradition demands, through a Catholic street. I watched aghast on TV.

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## The Royal Academy's African art exhibition shows how outdated views of the continent have changed, but for how long? asks BASIL DAVIDSON

# Little England, less of Africa

CAN OUR British leopard change its spots and, frantic thought, leap ahead into a way of thinking that leaves behind the ideologies and attitudes of custom-bound imperialism? Not, of course, if we accept as wise what is curiously known as "Euro-scepticism" in its fashionable sense. Michael Portillo, as we know, has told



North looks South... despite the exhibition, outbacks threaten our understanding of Africa. PHOTOGRAPH: ADRIAN WHITE

This process of underlying cultural change. Since October the Royal Academy has presented the arts of Africa as part of some otherwise quite obscure celebrations known as "Africa 95". Sponsored by several multi-national corporations, but with strong academic support, this offering at the RA has been greatly to our national credit.

Not because the arts of Africa are in any way strange to exhibition in London. The British Museum has long made sure of that. We may thank our stars for being endowed with such a magnificent reserve.

Consciously or not, the RA exhibition reminds of some 40 years of far-reaching, if seldom recognised, cultural

change in our attitudes to Africa. The historians and anthropologists have carried the day. No academic voice will any longer tell us that the peoples of Africa were savages until the times of imperial dispossession a century ago. In every vital sense of culture, the Africans in their tropical solitudes are to be recognised as humans beings like the rest of us; as the outcome of their own history and self-development, and not as the feeble moon-calves of Victorian condescension.

But what is stranger, perhaps, is that this process of cultural change has been the work of factors and persons within our own culture. A modest volume published the other day in Oxford, for instance, has celebrated "the emergence of African history in British universities": as a product, however surprising, of our own British initiative. There is even room here for some prudent self-satisfaction, if for reasons quite

repugnant to our Tebbits and all their kind.

Does the RA exhibition, with its companion initiatives, therefore signal a big point of departure in our attitudes to Africa and its cultures? It would be pleasant to think so.

Yet at the very moment when these notable achievements in our understanding of Africa have been making their point at the RA, there are truly dismal reasons for knowing that this enlightenment, however bravely won, is being written off the national scene and consigned to an unregenerate collapse.

These reasons have little or nothing to do with organised or subversive racism. What we have of racism in Britain, however disgusting, is nothing new, and may barely count in the general run of our national life. Our Tebbitts remain in a small, peripheral whine.

The wider scene returns a less complacent answer. That

British broadcasting services in and from the non-British and even non-European world should be under financial threat is bad enough, but is perhaps only a momentary political lunacy. What is more serious is that funds and energies to promote and support our research and teaching of African history, are savagely reduced or withdrawn; that our relevant students find grants for travel and learning ever more difficult to locate; that professional appointments in this wide field are allowed to fall vacant and not be re-filled; gradually, in short, that British leadership and capacity in these fields is undermined.

All this may be seen as the outcome of some 16 years of culturally reductive "Little Englandism". I cannot think it will be easy to reverse if a new spirit of community and government now comes our way. It is a job that will have to be done, but it will take time and very determined effort.

Those who may think this unreasonably pessimistic could usefully ask themselves, taking a small sign as the indicator of a greater, just why it should be that the Queen has at her disposal no more generally available national honour than the Order of the British Empire, at least 60 years since that empire was formally and practically consigned to the past? Emerging now as we may be from the miseries of Thatcherism, do we not deserve a quite new order for the celebration of merit — a less exclusive Order of Merit, no doubt, but a no less demanding order of national fellowship: perhaps an Order of Britain?

Africa: The Art of a Continent continues at the Royal Academy of Arts in London until January 21. Basil Davidson's many books on Africa include *Let Freedom Come* (Africa in Modern History) and *African Civilisation Revisited*. From Antiquity to Modern Times.

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Lincoln Kirstein

# New York's lord of the dance

Lincoln Kirstein, who has died aged 86, will be remembered above all for having persuaded George Balanchine to embark on the immense and uncertain task of creating a national ballet in America.

Not only did Kirstein raise the money to get the venture going in 1933, he also sustained it — financially, politically and administratively — during the 20 or so lean years it took to make Americans aware of the miracle that Balanchine had accomplished.

Kirstein was 26 when he decided that Balanchine was the best person to establish classical ballet in the US, where the art had never taken root. Ambitious, rich and well connected, Kirstein was in ways prepared for the long haul. First came the craft-

due course Kirstein contributed his expertise and many of his own possessions. Kirstein's eye for literature was as good as his eye for dance and art. As a 20-year-old undergraduate, he founded the magazine *Round and Horn*; its contributors included Eliot, Joyce, Pound, Valéry, Gide, Hart Crane, e.e. cummings, Edmund Wilson, Katherine Ann Porter, John Cheever, James Agee. From the start, he understood the uses of power and sought out those who possessed it. At 13, on a visit to England, he had established lifelong friendships with E.M. Forster, Keynes, Lytton Strachey, the Sitwells and the Woolfs.

Meanwhile Kirstein was himself busily writing — novels, articles, catalogues, polemics, a pioneering history of dance, the first serious studies of the photographers Walker Evans and Henri Cartier-Bresson. Among his other enthusiasms were the sculptors Gaston Lachaise and Ellis Nadelman, both of whose reputations he helped to salvage.

Sometimes he even found time to ghost write Romola Nijinsky's life of Nijinsky. In the early sixties, he devoted himself to the immense task of bringing the Lincoln Center into existence, enlisting for this and the crucial support of his old friend Nelson Rockefeller. In the middle of what had been a tract of West Side slum, there rose an ensemble of buildings the like of which this US had never seen before, including the State Theatre, designed specifically for New York City Ballet by Philip Johnson, another ally from Harvard days.

Kirstein never sought to promote himself, for which reason no doubt much of what he accomplished will probably fade from public memory. In a sense, this is fitting, since his real monument is the work he made it possible for greater men — Balanchine above all — to achieve with such spectacular results.

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And Mom came too... Lita Grey signing up in 1924 as Chaplin's leading lady. PHOTO: RANGE

Lita Grey Chaplin

## The little lady and the Tramp

LITA GREY Chaplin, who has died aged 86, owed her celebrity to a marriage that survived less than three years and a divorce that shocked and thrilled America 70 years ago.

She was Charles Chaplin's second child wife — his previous marriage to 17-year-old Mildred Harris in 1920 had lasted barely two years.

Her father was Scottish American and her mother, as she claimed, was of noble Mexican descent. Chaplin spotted the child with sensational Spanish eyes in a restaurant when she was six. Six years later her mother persuaded an acquaintance, Chuck Klesner, Chaplin's assistant director, to take them to the studio. Chaplin, then working on *The Kid*, was intrigued and gave her a contract. Her first role now seems ominous; in a dream sequence in *The Kid*, she plays the angel of temptation, assigned by the devil to tempt the little tramp.

Since Chaplin worked slowly, there was only one more role for her, as a maid in *The Idle Class*, before her contract expired. But three years later she was given a screen test and, despite his collaborators' misgivings, Chaplin cast her as the leading lady in *The Gold Rush*, under contract at \$75 a week. The press was told she was 19. She was 15 years and nine months. Lita shot only one studio scene for *The Gold Rush*, again a dream sequence which appears premonitory. Chaplin, as a starving prospector, dreams he is visited by a girl bearing a strawberry shortcake. Swooning, she tells him to close his eyes — and smashes the cake in his face. The scene was not used.

Five months into the shooting Lita told Chaplin she was pregnant. By Californian law sexual relations with a minor then constituted ipso facto statutory rape; Chaplin had little choice but to marry. More over Lita's paternal uncle was a lawyer and her maternal grandfather carried a shotgun. The marriage took

place in great secrecy on November 26, 1924, in a little Mexican township. The birth of Lita's first child, Charles Chaplin Jr, on May 5 1928, was given as June 28.

Chaplin was bored and irritated by this immature girl and poor Lita was jealous of the sophisticated women around him. The only positive result was that Chaplin, fleeing from wife and mother-in-law, concentrated on *The Gold Rush* with his new leading lady, Georgia Hale. The film was a triumph.

The birth of a second child, Sydney, did not improve relations and in November 1926 Lita left with her babies. In January 1927 her lawyers filed an unprecedented long — 52 pages — and complex divorce complaint. The National Bank of Los Angeles and the Bank of Italy were among the co-defendants. The lawyers used an obscure section 288a of the Mororan statute, which proscribed fornication to justify lurid charges of "abnormal, unnatural, perverted and degenerate sexual desires... too revolting, indecent and immoral to set forth in detail in this complaint".

ChAPLIN, always jealous of his dignity and reputation, was appalled and, while denying the complaint, declined to go into court. The settlement was precipitated when lawyers threatened to name five prominent actresses with whom they claimed Chaplin had had sexual relations.

The terms set a record: Lita received \$625,000, with a \$200,000 trust for the children. Comedian Will Rogers remarked: "Charlie is not what I would call a devoted husband but he is certainly worth marrying." Most of Lita's share went to the lawyers, for whom — and for the scandal sheets — the hapless teenager had provided a field day.

After divorce, Chaplin's sons remained in Lita's care, though eventually brought up by her youthful mother, now Mrs Spicer,

and grandmother. There was a legal wrangle in 1932 when Chaplin prevented her from "exploiting" the children by putting them into pictures.

Lita had a brief career as a cabaret singer and appeared in English variety theatres in the mid-thirties. She overcame an alcoholic breakdown and had three more marriages and divorces. Later she took work in the ladies' wear department of Robinson's department store in Beverly Hills and was such a popular figure that she was kept on long after retirement age.

Her elder son, Charles Jr, died a chronic alcoholic, in 1968. Sydney gave up a successful acting career to be an intermittent restaurateur and an inveterate golfer. Lita continued to live alone in her modest apartment on Fountain Avenue, West Hollywood. Spry after hip replacements, and indomitable at 87, she spent the last two years compiling her memoirs, wishing to put right the record of her 1968 book, *My Life With Chaplin: An Intimate Memoir*. Last summer she was enthusiastically planning a lecture tour of university film departments talking about *The Kid* and its making. In early December she entered Century City Hospital, suffering from cancer. Her last two weeks were spent in the Motion Picture Home in Beverly Hills, where she died.

In old age her eyes were still astonishing and she had an endearing frankness and vitality. While Chaplin never overcame his resentments (her name is not even mentioned in his autobiography), Lita bore no grudges. "Charlie was a genius," she said, "and it's hard to live with a genius." She even had a Charlie Chaplin clock with dancing legs on her bedroom wall. "Someone gave it me. They thought I'd like it. I do."

David Robinson  
Lita Grey Chaplin (Lilita Louise MacMurray), actress, born April 15, 1908; died December 29, 1985

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Roy McKelvie

## Court scribe's smashing life

ROY McKelvie, lawn tennis writer and a correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* for 10 years just after the war, has died aged 83.

The son of a Norfolk country doctor and for a time a medical student at St Thomas's Hospital, Roy wrote with expertise and a sympathetic understanding of racket games and after his time with the *Guardian* reported for the *Daily Mail*, the *Star* — then one of three London evening newspapers — and the *Sunday Express*. He also wrote for the *Times* on real tennis, a game for which he had a great feeling.

In press boxes throughout lawn tennis he was affectionately known as the Brigadier, for despite his southern upbringing at Malvern school he still had the irascibility of his Scottish forebears. He could not tolerate anything that might infringe upon the dignity and professionalism of the press box. Because of these standards, when he retired he became Wimbledon's professional press officer, checking bogus applications for press passes with a keen eye. The system he set up is the basis for the present massive computerised operation which operates today. He was ruthless with any would-be impostors in centre court.

Like all his fellow tennis writers, Roy would never be seen working without a jacket and tie, no matter the heat or the pressure of the deadline. Fleet Street had standards and McKelvie upheld them all.

At the outbreak of war he joined the Cameron Highlanders and rose to the rank of major. As an aide to Lord Mountbatten in the far east he was responsible for all the press communiques for that theatre of war.

He was a founder member in 1950 of the Lawn Tennis Writers' Association, and for many years was its treasurer. When he produced his annual balance sheet he insisted that those present destroyed their copies in case one found its way to the Inland Revenue.

In 1972 Roy was one of the few pressmen ever to be elected a member of the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. Since 1937 he

had never missed a championship. Having played the game at a reasonable level, he could not only dig out the hot news story of the day, but had a deep understanding of tactics and an empathy for the psychological stress of the players concerned.

While editor of *Tennis World* he wrote a cynical column under the title of *First Server* which lambasted any official or had mangled the game. He wrote two books: *War in Burma*, and *The Queen's Club Story*, a valuable history of sport which marked the centenary of the club in 1986. It included soccer, rugby union, athletics and cycling as well as the racket games.

For the happy final years of an adventurous and colourful life Roy lived in the tiny village of Adderbury, Oxfordshire. Until the end he would wander peacefully, with the aid of a stick, down to the village pub for a pint of Hook Norton with his cronies.

If Roy McKelvie could add the last word to his obit he would say: "Thank God for everything", and be pleased to know that I have a glass of port in my hand.

Laurie Pignon  
Roy McKelvie, soldier and sports writer, born July 1, 1912; died January 4, 1986

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Blooming... Kirstein shares a curtain call with Suzanne Farrell at the State Theatre, New York

### Weekend Birthdays

IN DISAGREABLE places like Belgrade or Islamabad, you know it's safe to talk candidly anywhere you find videos of Blackadder — smuggled in or borrowed from the British Council. If the watchers can quote lines from Rowan Atkinson, 41 today, they're free spirits on whom local propaganda has zero effect: defended by their taste for joined-up humour, angry despite the cynicism. Funny, you seldom see in those places his other great puller, Mr Bean, though worldwide it's much more popular — highest British audience ratings for TV comedy (18 million) and exceptional international sales. Atkinson (pictured) notes that his friends, his family, the lot who dole out Best awards, the 14-24-year-olds who use verbal comedy as a club in all senses — ie, the middle classes — don't have much time for Mr Bean. 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# Money Guardian

## Glimmer of hope to ease negative equity misery

Ian Wylie

**T**HE negative equity nose is about to relax its grip as building societies begin writing off thousands of pounds of debts and permitting home-owners to sell their way out of trouble.

While banks and building societies spent the new year talking up the housing market, the number of home-owners in negative equity quietly increased to 1.4 million. Lenders have consistently maintained that there should be no "debt amnesty" for borrowers whose mortgages exceed the value of their homes, but there are signs that lenders are now willing to cut their losses to get the housing market moving again.

With mortgage rates at their lowest level for 30 years, buyers are slowly returning to the market. But Labour politicians have been quick to point out there can be no real recovery while repossession continues to run at 1,000 per week.

Even in extreme cases of financial hardship, mortgage lenders have rarely taken pity on home-owners with large mortgage debts, insisting that they must be paid even if it takes for ever. However, this stance appears to be softening, especially where pressure can be brought to bear on the mortgage insurer to share the loss.

In a recent case, borrower Sarah Murdoch agreed a deal with the Halifax which wrote off almost half her debt, even though she is still in full-time employment. Ms Murdoch, an occupational therapist, bought her one-bedroom flat in Surbiton, Surrey, for £62,000 in 1988 with an endowment mortgage from the Halifax.

Three months ago she married and moved into her husband's house, with the intention of selling her flat. Its value, however had fallen dra-

matically, Ms Murdoch approached her branch in Winchester to discuss her options, but was told that unless she paid the mortgage debt in full, she would have to sign a deed of covenant paying back the shortfall at a crippling interest rate of 18 per cent.

Advised by her solicitor that a High Court judgment last year had confirmed the right of borrowers in negative equity to sell their properties, Ms Murdoch found a buyer prepared to pay £44,000 for her flat, leaving a shortfall of £12,500. She informed the Halifax, but it repeated its demand that the debt be paid in full.

Ms Murdoch explained that her salary was insufficient to pay off all the debt, but offered to pay £5,000 towards the shortfall by cashing in her en-

**The Halifax wrote off £5,000 when Sarah Murdoch threatened to hand back her keys**

dowment policy. The offer was rejected, as was a second offer of £7,500.

Fearing that the buyer would drop out of the sale, Ms Murdoch returned to her branch and threatened to hand back her keys. Within a week, the Halifax had agreed to write off £5,000 of the shortfall.

The endowment policy was signed over to Ms Murdoch and surrendered, and both the lender and its indemnity insurer have agreed not to pursue any further claims.

The Halifax maintains that Ms Murdoch's deal was a "one-off arrangement" and stresses it still expects borrowers to pay off any shortfalls. "We are not opening the floodgates to borrowers who want to make us an offer," said

a spokeswoman. Ms Murdoch's case also indicates a softening of attitude among mortgage indemnity insurers. Most mortgage indemnity guarantee (MIG) policies will only reimburse lenders for shortfalls if a property has been repossessed.

But in another "one-off" arrangement, MIG insurer Sun Alliance has agreed to bale out the Halifax for the remaining £5,000 debt left by Ms Murdoch.

A High Court ruling against the Halifax in August has already underscored a borrower's right to sell a property at a loss rather than have it repossessed. Edward and Doreen Barrett won the battle to sell their south London home at a loss of £70,000. However, while the couple have broken free of spiralling mortgage arrears, they have not been allowed to escape the outstanding debt of £70,000.

Last month another High Court judge ruled against a home-owner who tried to walk away from negative equity of £73,443. Iain Brown claimed the shortfall should be covered by MIG insurance when the Woolwich repossessed his home. Since he had paid the MIG premium, Mr Brown claimed he was the legal beneficiary of the Legal & General indemnity policy. But Mr Justice Waller ruled that the borrower was not entitled to gain any benefit from the insurance.

"The judgment was a setback for clients of Union Finance, the controversial firm of debt counsellors which has advised more than 2,000 borrowers to hand in their keys and walk away from negative equity. But Union Finance managing director John Sheppard said: "Lenders have maintained that all MIG policies are different, therefore they must agree that a precedent cannot be set using one individual case."

Money Guardian was edited by Teresa Hunter this week



Offer accepted... Sarah Murdoch made a deal with the Halifax

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAMILTON WEST

## Customers left in cold as insurers turn up the heat

Teresa Hunter

**T**HIS week's launch of Nationwide Life completes the creation of Britain's first network of Bancassurers, pledged to cut the cost of life assurance, pensions and other investments. But bank and building society customers should look elsewhere for cheaper deals.

As bank and building societies bid to gain control of high street insurance, Norwich Union launched its telephone Norwich Union Direct service, initially selling discount motor and household policies.

For years, Norwich Union sold policies to home-buyers through its branches. But now the big four banks, Abbey National, and the top three building societies all have their own insurance companies.

Getting the housing market moving will prove vital to the success of these companies, with their stranglehold on the mortgage market, given that the sale of insurance and investments is inextricably linked to house purchase.

However, their promise to offer cheaper products rang a little hollow following the first analysis from the life industry watchdog, the Personal Investment Authority, which shows the new breed of Bancassurers has done nothing to undercut the industry's existing competitors.

Equitable Life, for example, charges £14.16 per month for £100,000 worth of

25-year-term life cover, and Direct Line £16.16. However, the same person would be charged £22.91 by the Halifax, £26.60 by Abbey National, £25.10 by Barclays Bank and £20 by NatWest and Midland. Only the Woolwich comes close at £16.56. Over 25 years, the Abbey National policy would cost nearly £4,000 more than the Equitable Life contract.

The Bancassurers are competitive for low cost endowments — but they only offer unit-linked policies. Financial constraints make it almost impossible for new companies to provide the traditional with-profit endowments, which are lower risk.

Midland, for example, deducts charges of £1,360 over the first five years of a 25-year unit-linked policy with a £60 monthly premium. The bank estimates that this would reduce the final annual return from an endowment by 1.3 per cent.

Similarly, the charges on an Abbey National and Halifax unit-linked endowment are £1,520 and £1,530, which would reduce the yield annually by 1.4 per cent and 1.3 per cent respectively.

Yet Standard Life claims to deduct only £810 in charges on its equivalent with-profits contract, with Equitable Life deducting £654, which explains why with-profit endowments with these companies have performed so spectacularly over the years. So with personal pensions, the traditional life companies retain the upper hand.

### 25-year personal pensions

Effect of charges deducted over first five years

Life Company	£	Life Company	£
Equitable Life	284	Scottish Amicable	1,200
Scottish Widows	742	NatWest Life	1,200
Midland Life	1,040	Legal & General	1,260
National Mutual	1,110	Eagle Star	1,290
Barclays Life	1,130	Halifax Life	1,390

£60 monthly premium

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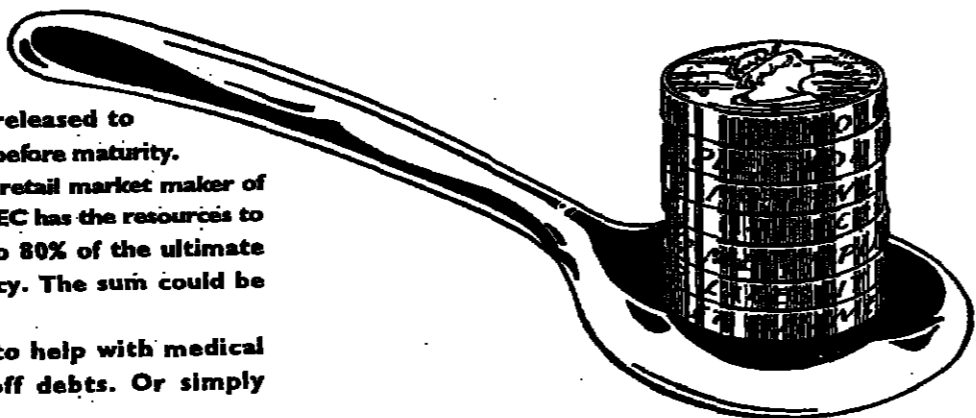
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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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Managing your money for the longer term

## THE M&G PEP



# Reliant runs out of gas again

David Ward

**NINETY** workers were laid off yesterday by Reliant Motors, maker of the £15,000 Scimitar sports car and the famous three-wheeled rust-proof Reliant Robin which starred in the BBC sitcom *Only Fools and Horses*.

The company, based at Tamworth, West Midlands, was made subject to an administration order last week before Christmas on the application of Peter Hall, its chief executive. Then, Mr Hall admitted that the company had run out of cash when an expected injection of capital failed to materialise.

Joint administrator Kevin Murphy of Finn Associates said 12 staff remained to continue work on 18 cars in various stages of completion. The administration order would provide a three-month breathing space to sort out the company's affairs.

"I think the business will be saved - I'm fairly confident about that," he said.

"But I can't predict what any bankers will do with it, although we have not advertised the business for sale, we have had a lot of interest from people who



Body blow... staff at Reliant's Tamworth plant, producing the Robin and Scimitar, were laid off after the failure to find new capital. PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK MARTIN

would want to buy it if we do. We are looking at a possible restructuring or a sale."

Reliant, founded in 1985 and one of Britain's few

remaining independent car makers, has had a chequered recent history. The company went into receivership in November 1994 through its parent

company, Beams Industries. Last January, Reliant's property assets were sold to Smith Brothers, a Tamworth property group which then leased the pre-

viously owned Avoncar Group, a private engineering company with Mr Hall as chief executive. Avoncar later bought the plant and machinery needed to make the

## Saturday Notebook

### Bit of a gamble on consuming more



Edited by Alex Brummer

**T**HE razzmatazz in the build-up to tonight's lottery draw is unprecedented. With an estimated £40 million jackpot up for grabs, there have been impassioned arguments on the morality of state-run gambling.

Overlooked amid the hype has been the economics of the lottery. There has been some analysis of the regressive nature of this form of betting - shifting resources from poor people to rich people - but precious little about the wider macro-effects.

According to research from economists at Kleinwort Benson, the impact last year was quite marked. As a proportion of overall consumption, betting and gambling had been falling from a peak of around 1.75 per cent of GDP at the start of the 1970s to just under 1 per cent by the end of 1994.

Since the start of the lottery in November 1994, however, the graph shows the line shooting upwards almost vertically, so that gambling now accounts for 1.4 per cent of consumption.

What is more, spending on the lottery helped underpin consumption at a time when it was being squeezed by the pressure on real incomes. Including the lottery, consumption grew by 2.6 per cent in the year to the third quarter of 1995, but once the lottery was stripped out expansion was far more modest at 2.1 per cent.

Spending on the lottery - this week being an exception - now seems to have reached a plateau, so we should not expect the new gambling craze to have a similar effect on consumption growth this year.

However, as Kleinwort Benson points out, consumption may receive a twin boost this year from maturing Tessa and Windfall gains from bank and building society mergers.

### Demerger mania

**W**ITHOUT doubt there is nothing which pleases stock markets more in the mid-1990s than the sensible spin-off. In the past few days Thorn EMI shares have been racing away on the expectation that the details of the de-merger of the EMI music business, owner of the Capitol and Virgin labels, will be unveiled with the group's nine-month results in February.

The shares were up a further 2 per cent in the latest trading and the market feels they still have a way to go.

On the other side of the Atlantic there has been an enthusiastic response to AT&T's decision to directly attack its cost base, with the loss of 40,000 jobs, as part of its restructuring ahead of the break-up of its business.

It plans, by the end of 1996, to spin-off its equipment and computing businesses into separately-quoted units leaving a slimmer, less complex AT&T to fight out the telecom wars in the UK and elsewhere.

It is against this background that one has to view the current tussle between Granada and Forte. It is to Granada's credit that it recognised the hidden value in Forte: it is to the credit of

Roberto Mendoza of JP Morgan and the defence team at Forte (see page 37) that they have until now managed to stay ahead of the game by releasing some of this value.

A positive note, just published by broker Kleinwort Benson Securities, recognises this. Although it believes that a raised offer from Granada - together with a more detailed plan - might still secure victory, the broker is much more excited about what it calls Forts New Co. It argues that without the restaurants and other peripherals Forte could emerge as one of the "most attractive hotel companies".

The significance of the Forte break-up is that it will focus management attention. Whether the senior hotel management at Forte is good enough to release that potential is less certain.

### Exchange spin-off

**A**N important question which Messrs Kempson and Plenderleith ought to be asking themselves as they temporarily take the executive helm at the Stock Exchange, is whether a chief executive is needed at all. Or if one is appointed, whether it is a short, fixed mandate with the job of effectively liquidating what is left of the existing stock market.

Certainly, the exchange has shown it can do certain things by holding the ring such as the creation of the AIM market, which has enabled a number of fundings to gain access to equity capital.

But more often than not, and since Big Bang a decade ago, it has looked like an increasing irrelevance in search of a role. When it comes to technology it is clueless. The Taurus settlement debacle demonstrated this clearly.

The Bank of England and others came in with Crest to save face for the City, as UK settlement became increasingly antiseptic compared with that overseas. Despite all the confident blather about Sequences - and the possible dual quote/order driven trading system - it is by no means certain that this will be foolproof.

In fact, it might have been better to have left the development of electronic share trading to those such as Reuters and EBS - who know how to create and run such systems. Indeed EBS, a system which has been developed and run by the 10 biggest forex market makers, offers a useful precedent.

The foreign exchanges, where the volume of transactions is far higher than on equity markets, run extensively on such commercially developed systems. There is no such thing as a centrally-imposed foreign exchange dealing system.

The other key exchange function is running the listing requirements/rulebook. Even here there has been some loss of confidence. The failure to follow through and incorporate the Greenbury code on executive pay has been a disappointment and highlights the difficulties of steering the exchange's board in a sensible direction.

Plainly, listing is a core function for any marketplace but it might be just as well run by a semi-autonomous body, similar perhaps to the Takeover Panel which polices mergers.

In an age of spin-offs and competitive marketplaces, from the Salomons dealing screen to Tradepoint and Sharelink, perhaps it is time for the exchange to spin-off its functions and delist itself.

Governor warns of new clash with Chancellor and says escalating wage deals might jeopardise further cuts

# Pay threat to interest rates

Larry Elliott and Sarah Ryle

**T**HE Governor of the Bank of England, Eddie George, warned yesterday that escalating pay deals threatened to push up inflation and jeopardise further interest rate cuts.

Interviewed on BBC radio, Mr George expressed concern that between 4 and 4.5 per cent might become the going rate of pay increases, adding that the Bank was keeping a wary eye on developments in the labour market.

Mr George predicted he was again likely to be at odds with the Chancellor over interest rates this year and that during their disagreement in 1995 Mr Clarke had taken more risks than he felt it was prudent to do.

Stressing that the battle against inflation was never won, the Governor said it was important for Britain to abide by the tough Maastricht convergence criteria for monetary union, even if a political decision was taken to remain outside a single currency.

It would be "entirely acceptable", he said, for the UK to let other countries go ahead, provided it was from a position of

strength. If, however, the UK was not in a position to join, the opprobrium of the financial markets would be "very costly".

Mr George said it had been "enormously encouraging" that economic expansion and jobs growth had so far not led to an acceleration in labour costs, but he pointed to a num-

ber of recent "benchmark deals" as potentially worrying.

While pay deals in the 4 to 4.5 per cent range might be justified within an individual company, they should not be seen as setting a lead for others to follow.

"Clearly the settlements currently are running at 3 per cent, so if you saw an acceleration to 4.5 per cent it is unlikely that that would be matched by a comparable acceleration in productivity improvement and, therefore, that would have an implication for inflation."

Mr George said that when in May last year he first fell out with the Chancellor over base rates he had felt that on the balance of probabilities the Government was not going to hit its 2.5 per cent inflation target. "On the balance of probabilities I would stand by that view."

The Governor added: "I predict with great confidence that there will be disagreements in the future and I hope that

people will accept that as a part of the very healthy transparent arrangements that we have for running monetary policy."

Despite Mr George's misgivings, most City analysts believe the recent weakness of the economy will lead to base rates being cut from 6.5 per cent to 6 per cent over the next few months.

A survey of company attitudes to capital investment in property yesterday found that businesses are starting 1996 with a gloomier outlook than they had six months ago.

The softening of the economy has made companies more cautious about spending on new offices, outlets and other property holdings, said the Confederation of British Industry and consultancy firm Grimley.

Retailers were the most optimistic group in the survey, with 45 per cent intending to increase property investment.

Meanwhile, the Society for Motor Manufacturers and Traders said that the 1.9 per cent increase in new car registrations to 1,945,386 in 1995 was "disappointing", with the overall increase masking a 3 per cent drop in sales to the private customer. Business sales were up 6 per cent.

## Two retailers set Christmas records

Roger Cowe

**G**ROWING optimism among retailers was fuelled yesterday by strong Christmas trading figures from the John Lewis department store/supermarket group and from Yorkshire-based supermarket chain Wm Morrison.

John Lewis said its supermarket chain, Waitrose, had its most successful Christmas ever, with sales more than 13 per cent ahead of the previous year. Sales in the shortened week between Christmas and the new year were 30 per cent

ahead of last year. The group's department stores also fared well. Sales in the week before Christmas were a fifth higher than in 1994.

Next week a string of high street chains, from Dixons to Sainsbury's, will report their Christmas performance. They are expected to show a continuation of the surge in spending which emerged from government statistics for November.

Morrison's supermarket chain said its superstore sales during December were 4.3 per cent, the second-best monthly performance of the year. Sales in

the week before Christmas broke all previous records by 28 per cent.

During the five weeks ended December 31, 1995, the supermarket takings of the group increased by 18 per cent compared with the previous year.

But optimism about prospects for the superstores was dented by Sainsbury's announcement of price cuts. There will be reductions of a third in the prices of 70 best-selling products, including bread, pasta, cereal and chips.

Sainsbury's campaign follows the launch earlier in the week of Sainsbury's January Savers campaign,

which promised special offers on 200 products during the month.

City analysts said yesterday that these moves did not represent a new round in the long-running price war, because the price cuts cover only a limited product range, involve special offers from food manufacturers and have been launched at a time when sales are traditionally low.

But fears that the moves could lead to serious price-cutting hit the prices of supermarket shares. Sainsbury fell by 5p, Tesco shares were down 2p and Sainsbury's owner, Argyll, saw its shares dip 2p.

## Greedy Jaguar manager jailed for three years

Financial staff

**A**"GREEDY" Jaguar executive who helped build the luxury car company of more than £1 million was jailed for three years yesterday.

Roger Fielding, 44, a manager in the firm's technical publications department, "betrayed" his bosses to pocket more than £234,000 in bribes in return for farming out a string of valuable contracts to favoured companies taking part in the fraud.

One of them was a subsidiary of advertising giant Saatchi and Saatchi.

Sharesbrook Crown Court heard that during the four-year corruption scandal, Fielding installed himself in a £276,000 farm, enjoyed luxury Saville Row suits, dined at top

restaurants and received free flights.

Passing sentence, Judge Stephen Hobbs told the father-of-four, his colleague Ronald Parker and three co-defendants that it was a "human tragedy" such people should find themselves before the court. But he said: "I have a public duty to perform in sentencing you. The message must go out loud and clear to those in commerce and industry in this country that the courts take a very serious view of corruption."

Fielding, of Evesham, Worcs, who admitted conspiracy to commit corruption, had been "motivated by financial greed".

Parker, 62, of Coventry, also admitted a similar conspiracy charge and was jailed for 18 months. Another "trusted"

manager in Jaguar's technical publications department, Parker enjoyed backhanders totalling £26,000, lavish lunches and free flights to France.

Reynard Platt, 52, of South Beaconsfield, Bucks, pleaded guilty to conspiracy to corrupt and was jailed for two years. He was head of Saatchi's Facilities Group and Number 32 subsidiaries.

All three men were ordered to pay £25,000 costs.

Roger Kennedy, 32, of central London, was convicted of conspiracy to corrupt and conspiracy to defraud Jaguar. He will be sentenced on Monday.

Steven Williams, 42, an Australian national, of Teddington, Middx, admitted conspiracy to corrupt and conspiracy to defraud Jaguar. He will be sentenced on Monday.

## BA plans super-jumbo fleet

Keith Harper  
Transport Editor

**A**BRITISH Airways plan to develop a fleet of £125 million super-jumbo aircraft, each capable of carrying 600 passengers, is being discussed with Boeing.

The airline confirmed yesterday that its chairman, Sir Colin Marshall, had written to Frank Stronach, head of Boeing, expressing interest in the idea. As one of the largest carriers, BA would make a suitable partner for Boeing, which will only proceed with the project if it is convinced of the reliability of its customer.

BA is also talking to Airbus about a similar project. Its aim

is to introduce the larger aircraft on its long-haul routes within five years to soak up the growing demand for air travel, officially forecast to double within the next 10 years. The larger aircraft will be less noisy, with the potential to carry heavier loads.

BA's nearest equivalent to these aircraft is the Boeing 747-400 series, which can carry 436 passengers and 17 tonnes of cargo. The airline already has 31 and has placed orders for a further 31.

Super-jumbos form an integral part of the development strategy for the world's largest airlines. BA has been arguing the increasing airport congestion could handicap it severely, particularly at very

busy airports such as its home base, Heathrow.

Leading airlines say that they can only satisfy future traffic demands and maintain market share on international routes with large aircraft.

Boeing and Airbus have conducted feasibility studies on constructing an aircraft able to carry up to 800 passengers with a range of 10,000 miles. Initial designs envisage accommodating passengers on multi-decks, including the underfloor belly.

Final figures released by Boeing yesterday show that it finished the year with 348 new orders worth \$31 billion (£19 billion). Up to the end of November, Airbus secured 106 orders.

### Boeing NLA - face of the future

With airline passenger traffic set to increase substantially into the 21st century, a generation of new large aircraft (NLA), able to carry more than 600 people, is likely to enter service by 2002.

**Boeing 747 - 400 seats**

Wingspan: 213ft  
Fuselage length: 231ft  
Take-off weight: 870,000lb

**Proposed NLA - 606 seats**

Wingspan: 260ft  
Fuselage length: 230ft  
Take-off weight: 1-1.5m lb (est)

**Upper deck**

**Main deck**

**On board the Boeing NLA**

100	Business class
444	Economy class

## Judge says jurors will hear final arguments on Monday

Jan King

**J**URORS in the 120-day-old Maxwell trial were told last night that they would be sent out on Monday to consider their verdicts.

Lord Justice Phillips told the seven women and five men to come to court on Monday prepared to spend the night in a hotel if necessary.

The judge said a decision would be taken later in the week if it seemed the jurors would not reach their verdicts by the following weekend.

Earlier, the jurors were told that evidence referring to a comment by one of the defendants, former Maxwell financial adviser Larry Trachtenberg, "cannot carry the same weight as if you had heard it from Larry Trachtenberg him-

self in the witness box". Mr Trachtenberg, with Kevin and Ian Maxwell, denies conspiring to defraud Maxwell pension funds by misusing shares in the Israeli drugs company Teva. The Crown alleges the defendants dishonestly used the shares as collateral for Maxwell company loans.

Kevin Maxwell alone denies a similar charge.

The judge reminded jurors of testimony from former Maxwell pensions administrator Trevor Cook alleging that Mr Trachtenberg had said he understood the Teva shares belonged to the private Robert Maxwell Group (RMG).

But the judge said Mr Cook's evidence had not made clear when Larry Trachtenberg had said this. Mr Trachtenberg had contradicted Mr Cook's statement that the Teva shares belonged to the pension funds.

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Canada 2.05	Hong Kong 11.70	New Zealand 2.32	Sweden 10.15
Cyprus 0.697	India 54.65	Norway 3.84	Switzerland 1.75
Denmark 2.43	Ireland 0.950	Portugal 227.00	UK 100.00
Finland 6.70	Israel 4.36	Saudi Arabia 5.78	USA 1.510

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مكتبة الامم



Russia's rampant mafia keeps western firms at bay. JON HENLEY reports from Helsinki

Border route bypasses bandits

PERKKA Pattiniemi sells flash cars... Jaguars and Range Rovers - to wealthy Russians. It is not yet a very big business but it is healthy, and Mr Pattiniemi, of the leading British dealer Inchcape Motors, asks no questions.

"We're forecasting a 100 per cent increase in sales to Russia this year," he said. "Russian trucks pick the goods up and Russian wholesalers distribute them. It's clean, efficient and safe."

director of McCormick's Finnish operation, put the problem even more succinctly. "Basically, other countries have insurance companies and Russia has the mafia," he said.

trading history with its huge eastern neighbour. It was part of the Russian empire until early this century and still uses the same gauge rail track.

reached in about 24. "For McCormick, this is a very safe way to gain a foothold in the Russian market," said Mr Hetskanen.

is forecasting a 20 per cent increase in 1996, has encountered a different kind of marketing problem.

'It's strictly cash up front. We take whatever they'll pay. Where they get it from we don't want to know'

decision to open a Russian assembly and distribution centre in the Finnish border town of Lappeenranta. It plans to ship 60,000 workstations to Russian customers this year.

operation, established just over a year ago through the acquisition of a Helsinki wholesaler's food flavourings unit, is now shipping one to two truckloads of spices to Russia each week.

Share frontiers fall as Europe deals directly

Thanks to the EU, London can now trade on Continental bourses without having to use a local broker. MARK MILNER reports

AS INSTRUMENTS of revolution go, it does not look much - just another computer terminal on the equity trading floor at NatWest Markets in Bishopsgate.

benefits in having traders concentrated in one place. He recognises, though, that NatWest Securities will need to have sales staff and analysts in the field.

Romanians not sold on market reforms

HALF of Romanians fear only the rich will gain from the largest privatisation scheme in eastern Europe, according to a poll published on Thursday.



Exporting expertise... The prototype of a four-wheel drive Mercedes Benz sports utility car, 65,000 of which are to be built annually at the German company's new plant in Alabama, was unveiled this week at the International Auto Show in Detroit

French press creates its own bad news

Liberation went on strike last month over cost-cutting measures. There are persistent rumours that France's biggest newspapers, the rightwing Figaro and the downmarket France-Soir, are to be sold.

There is much less of a culture of reading national newspapers. The regional press, even if it is also suffering from high paper prices, has sustained itself better, she said.

print unions sporadically joined national action against Mr Juppé's plan to cut welfare benefits. At Liberation, editor Serge July said: "Many French businesses are expected to go under as a result of the strike action in December."

faith in the commitment of its staff. "I have tolerated a lot and was even prepared to lose Fr35 million this year. But I have not had so much as a hint of support for a rationalisation plan," he said.

Update The founder of Swedish furniture retailer, Ikea, says there were no plans to float the business. Ingvar Kamprad claimed a stock market listing would endanger its long-term strategy.

Cyanide death rouses Italy to resist loan sharks

JOHN GLOVER reports on how small businesses are being driven to the usurers

UIGI RIVIECCIO, a goldsmith, last Wednesday swallowed the cyanide he used in his workshop in Pompei, near Naples, and died - becoming this year's first victim of Italy's growing band of usurers.

lion lire a year, is a favourite destination. Mr Rivieccio's death has raised a storm. "An aggression against man, against thousands of families, and against society," said L'Osservatore Romano, the Vatican daily.

Mickey Mouse demonstrators turn to slapstick

CGT 'cast' and US-style managers clash, writes ALEX DUVAL SMITH

POW! Ugh! There were ugly scenes this week when Mickey Mouse and his friends came to blows with security guards.

have attacked employees. They say that it was the demonstrators who attacked the guards.

land-Paris's first year of profit after four years at Marne-la-Vallée. CSL agreed on a 3 per cent increase - 2 per cent immediately and 1 per cent linked to personal performance.

French unions since before it opened in 1991. Initially I wanted to ban unions, but that would have been in breach of French law.

Greece's capital markets commission has recalled the licence of Athens stock exchange member, Spensys Bros.



The Swedish retail workers union, Handels, said yesterday it will host an international union conference about American toy store chain, Toys 'R' Us, to try to force it to recognise trade unions.

amble on ng more Exchange spin-off

jurors will hear iments on Monday



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Photograph: GRAHAM TURNER



How it runs, what it does

WORDS such as "facilitate" tend to crop up when Stock Exchange officers explain what the institution does and why it exists, writes Paul Murphy and Pauline Springett. Its two main functions are assisting companies to raise cash and helping people to trade shares in those companies. It has a regulatory and an organisational function. On the organisational side, it runs the computer systems which generate share prices and provides a service for settling share transactions. It is these two organisational aspects which are under threat. Executive power is centred on a 20-strong board which has the final say in all decisions, taking advice on issues such as rule changes from 18 main committees made up of exchange personnel and stock market practitioners. Various sub-committees operate below these. The board's composition is decided by the 360 member stockbroking firms, each carrying one vote. The exchange's power structure has been simplified dramatically with the size of the board having been cut. But there is pressure for further reform of the exchange which some market factions still see as a self-serving bureaucracy.

WHOEVER eventually takes the hot seat as chief executive of the London Stock Exchange will not necessarily be expected to have a nose for quality port. But at the heart of the Stock Exchange's problems today is the fact that just a few years ago the requirement for "social club-ability" would have been at or near the top of the job spec. This year marks the 19th anniversary of "Big Bang", when share trading in London was dragged into the second half of the 20th century with the introduction of an electronic trading system and a new rule book. The board of the exchange has spent the years since trying to modernise itself. It no longer likes to be referred to as the "Council", for instance, generally trying to shed the outmoded image of a "gentleman's club". But the business of trading shares has also continued to change — at a breakneck speed, and in directions which are out of the exchange's control.

Whoever replaces Michael Lawrence as chief executive will have to reconcile entrenched interests if the exchange is to avoid total fragmentation of the London market. Here is a guide to those interests: THE BIG BATTALIONS: City stalwarts who are said to have demanded (and received) Mr Lawrence's head. They fall into two distinct groups. First, there are London's traditional market-making firms, essentially old-fashioned "jobbers" who will deal with anyone, buying and selling all types of shares and making their money by taking a quick turn. Their business has become more complex with the advent of the "integrated trading house". This has involved grafting corporate finance and broking expertise on to the market-making function. Such firms have their own clients to service but still deal with all comers. They consider themselves to be the arteries of the London stock market. Well-known names include Merrill Lynch (which acquired the premier British market-maker Smith New Court last year), BZW,

SBC Warburg and NatWest Markets. Second, there is a newer breed, firms with more of a global perspective. These are also integrated houses, and to outsiders look similar to the first category. The difference lies in their near-total dedication to servicing their own clients. They are essentially mini-stock exchanges. Salomon Brothers, an American investment bank, and UBS, the Swiss trading powerhouse, are examples. THE AGENCY BROKERS: Such firms — which come in various sizes — act as intermediaries, dealing with market-makers on behalf of investors. They rarely take principal positions in stocks, simply earning their money through commissions for buying and selling shares. They account for the vast majority of Stock Exchange members, but their power is limited. THE INSTITUTIONS: These are the important clients, the pension and investment funds which hold shares for long periods. They all want to buy and sell at the best prices, but whether they speak with one voice about how London's trading systems should operate is doubtful. Also, they are not members of the Stock Exchange. THE AUTHORITIES: The Office of Fair Trading has had its eye on the London stock market for years. All those practices it is generally charged with undoing — monopolistic power, restrictive practices, perceived lack of competition and the like — seem to exist in the Square Mile. Investigations into issues such as how information on companies is released and how quickly trades are reported to the outside world have been rolling since the beginning of the decade. The Treasury has tended to side with the OFT, adopting a similarly principled approach, encouraging various rules and codes covering stock market conduct, and pushing for the development of competition. SERVICE PROVIDERS: Egged on by the authorities, companies such as Reuters, IGV and Tradepoint have jumped at the chance of profiting from the erosion of the Stock Exchange's powers. For them, chaos in the market is

good for business. The battleground between these players has become the debate between "quote-driven" and "order-driven" trading systems. Under the existing, quote-driven system, market-makers post prices at which they are prepared to buy and sell shares in all market conditions. For taking that risk, market-makers are granted certain privileges, such as keeping their positions in particular stocks secret and being able to delay publication of certain trades while they "square their books". The prime advantage of this approach is that investors are always able to deal, there is strong market "liquidity". The alleged disadvantage is that the "spread" — the difference between the price at which investors can buy and sell shares — is unacceptably large; that, in effect, a cartel of market-makers is profiteering. What's more, some firms have begun to use their market-making privileges for other ends, for example, building predatory stakes in companies — breaching the spirit, if not the letter, of the Stock Exchange's rules. All other leading stock mar-

kets follow an "order-driven" approach. Under such systems, market participants post their requirements on trading screens — stating how many shares they want to buy in a particular company at a particular price. In effect, there is a rolling electronic auction of stock. The main advantage is that prices appearing on trading screens are "real" — no one is taking a turn. The disadvantage is that if a company is out of fashion or favour, or simply small, it may be difficult for investors to deal when they want to. Markets can become illiquid. Aside from the OFT and some of the more adventurous institutions, the proponents of change include the likes of Salomon Brothers and UBS. They are used to the order-driven approach on other exchanges and believe London is antiquated. They reckon London's approach is unfair to certain classes of investor. They are being resisted by firms whose cultural roots in London go deeper. Houses such as Merrill Lynch and Kleinwort Benson appear to accept that electronic advances on other exchanges threaten London's position as

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A cure for hero addicts
George Davies, as well as Mr Ratner himself, were enough to turn City folk to jelly — the business equivalent of teenies' pop idols. That was until it all went wrong, when they were toppled and vilified as comprehensively as communist leaders in eastern Europe or, nearer to home, prime ministers or royals. Business hero worship, of course, did not begin in the 1980s. Remember names from an earlier age such as Jim Slater or John Bloom, whose skills in finance and washing machines respectively fell far short of their inflated reputation. Times have changed, and thus the nature of the heroes, but, even in the current decade of sober-suited accountability, not the need for them. The City now worships dour, steely qualities rather than the flamboyance and overweening ambition of Mr Ratner and friends. Perhaps even that is already changing, since one of Mr Lawrence's fallings at the Stock Exchange was said to be a poor sense of humour. Life at the top of the Stock Exchange tower is hardly a bundle of laughs, but if humour is a general requirement for late 1990s heroes it explains the attraction of Granada's Gerry Robinson — a man of steel but usually with a smile on his face. It is difficult to remember now, but two years ago Mr Lawrence was the man who was going to save the Stock Exchange, the man unfettered by the cosy City culture which had shackled his predecessors, perfectly equipped with a background in finance, who had proved himself at the highest levels of the mighty Prudential. This hero syndrome is part of a much wider malaise, under which complicated business issues of many shades of grey are turned into black-and-white matters in a search for simplicity which can only fail — precisely because business is infinitely more complex. Clearly, the line between business success and failure is very fine. The influence of a single individual in pushing a company successfully along that line is rarely as critical as is often supposed, especially in the short term over which most people occupy top jobs. So, despite the accolades for people such as Archie Norman at Asda, George Simpson at Rover and now Lucas, and Mr Robinson at Granada, the truth is probably less grand. And when they fall, as they may, their fallings will also be less grand.

Quick Crossword No. 8015
Across
1 Advantage or payment (7)
8 Endanger (7)
9 Diabolical (7)
10 Chief operator (7)
11 Distinctive attitude(s) (5)
13 Noise of pursuit? (3,3,3)
15 Medieval-style music (5)
18 First letter (5)
21 Preserved (7)
22 Natural home (7)
23 Virtuoso solo passage (7)
24 Liner that sank (7)
Down
1 Four fat over (5)
2 Indentation (5)
3 The end of the race (9,4)
4 Amuse (5)
5 Early strategic move (7,5)
6 Line at 23° degrees latitude (5)
7 Hard as stone (5)
12 Ring — payment! (4)
14 Impetuous — spots! (4)
15 Top church job (5)
16 Covered row of shops (5)
17 Trite (3,3)
19 Climbing aid (5)
20 Upper room (5)
Solution No. 8014
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